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NOTES OF EXCURSIONS.—No. I.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT SADDLEBACK.

THE SADDLEBACK or Saddle Mountain of Massachusetts, extends on the borders of Vermont across the most northerly part of Berkshire, with its several intermediate peaks and ridges, a brief, isolated, distinct chain, about six miles in length, lying in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction, and seen with the greatest advantage from the fine southerly position, distant some twenty or more miles, of Pittsfield. The highest summit of the mountain, which is the highest land in Massachusetts, bears the appropriate name of Graylock from its position, as it were the forehead of the line, and from the appearance of the snow drifts on its trees in winter. One of the twin peaks has the name Saddleball among the people of the vicinity. The summit is 2800 feet above the level of the valley at Williams' College, and 3580 feet above tide-water at Albany. Looked at from an advantageous point at Pittsfield, it rises, grandly supported by the intervening elevations, the centre of the northern horizon, the great landmark of the region, whether scarred by the patches of winter snow, or glimmering in the blue haze of summer noon, clad in its purple robe of evening, belted with clouds, or its head enveloped in mist. It measures the fairest path of the moon through the heavens, the ragged storm-cloud sweeps more grandly by it, and the most noticed stars are those above it. Turning from point to point of this "circuit of the summer hills," from the continuation of the Green Mt. Range on the east, the hills of Lenox or Stockbridge to the south, or the New York line of the Taconic, the eye must needs rest on the proud enthroned eminence of Saddleback.

The approaches to it in the ascent on its northern side, whether from Williamstown or North Adams, afford by far the grandest mountain scenery of the county. The Swiss valleys are at once recalled to the mind. The mountains here are very closely grouped, descending rapidly in sharp outlines, and leaving narrow valley intervals, as

the once beautiful valley of the Hoosac,* which has the same elegance of a level floor, from which the hills rise at a well defined angle, which Wordsworth has noticed among the mountains of Westmoreland. Once beautiful we write, for its rounded hill-sides have been rudely scarped, disclosing the barren sand and pebbles, which have been again heaped up in a hideous embankment, running through the centre of the meadows, whose fair stream had been already tortured and polluted by rows of unsightly cotton mills. Alas for the once fair valley where stood the sometime important frontier post of Fort Massachusetts, a shelter to the region from the Indian and the Frenchman—the valley, a shelter itself in its own fair seclusion. The tunnelling of the four miles of the neighboring Hoosac Mountain will make some amends, on the score of sublimity, for this railway desecration. Ascending from Williamstown, seated on its several hills, with its College and Observatory, and leaving this valley, you come upon a choice mountain passage which cannot be so easily defaced. This is the "Bellows' Pipe" or "Notch" pass, leading by its easterly summit, now a cleared ridge of the mountain, turned very beautifully to the eye, towards South Adams.

It is the south-west wind which blows with violence at this pass, gradually growing narrow to its extremity, giving it the name of the Bellows. Note on its path the open door of the New England school house, the shepherd protecting the sheep on the mountains. The children have a healthy air of rural comfort, as they are drawn up in a row before the schoolmistress—happy that it is one of that sex, to whom the early education of youth should always be intrusted. Here the traveller is in the midst of several nicely adjusted mountains, a gorge or descent of which to the west forms the "Hopper," a deep valley of a thousand feet or more, with clean falling mountain sides in the shape of that well known implement, whose vast opening invites the clouds to enter and break against its summits. In 1784, there was a great earth slide from a deluge of this character; others have since occurred. It is a curious effect that sublimity is enhanced by the suggestion of a small, familiar household object.

Beyond this natural curiosity you scale the ridge, and ascend to the summit of Graylock. The footpath has its hardships, but they are redeemed by the mountain stillness of the way; and here, in the middle of August, your steps may be refreshed (in lack of more potent invigorators) by the fresh scented raspberries, white and pink, and, if you are fortunate enough to have by your side a lady whose spirit of kindness the woods reply to, by telling her their choicest secrets, you may be greeted with strawberries cool and polished, glazed by the curious varnish of the mist; delicately fragrant to the palate, as refreshing to the eye. All travellers shout when they reach the sum-

mit, and doubtless wish the way no longer. We did not wish it so. But with the brilliant success of a huge mountain top attained, who thinks of the way?

The Observatory is a kind, charitable feature of the summit, for, without it there would be little seen of the mountain view below, for the growth of the trees which, on all sides, skirt the edges of the small cleared space. In this respect it is essential to the visitor to the mountain. Though now dilapidated, it has been a stoutly-timbered structure, a framed tower of two stories, rising to the height of seventy feet with its base in a well constructed log or block house. When Mr. Hitchcock, the State Geologist, visited the mountain just previous to the erection of this structure, he was, as he tells us in his Report, obliged to climb a tree to the height of thirty or forty feet, to get an unobstructed view. It was erected in 1840, at the expense of the neighboring Williams' College and the townspeople, and was for a time occupied, in conjunction with the College astronomical department, by meteorological instruments; but whether from neglect in its proper guardianship, the mischief of visitors, or, as we have heard it suggested, enmity to the College prompting its injury, the instruments have been broken up or removed, and the building well nigh destroyed. It is now in a process of speedy decay. The doors and window shutters have been plucked away, the roof is open to wind and rain at different points, the platforms of the upper galleries, carved with the innumerable names of the Browns and Tomkinses, have been carelessly broken up. The winds and tempests will aid the wanton spirit of destruction of visitors, and there will soon be nothing left but the logs of the foundation. Yet travellers depend upon this failing resource to pass the night on the mountain in comfort. It surely should be an object of attention to the innkeepers and others, of the towns in the vicinity, to keep the observatory in repair. They are eager enough for gain, it has to be admitted, but the dollar must gleam immediately before their eyes. The road to the summit which was constructed at the same time with the observatory, is another example of Yankee short-sightedness. It has been suffered to fall into ruin. The roots of trees are constantly exposed by the washing away of the rains, and form everywhere pitfalls for the horses' feet, while the rotten vegetation is worked into a fat, uncouth bog, through which the pedestrian must work his way for some three miles, though formerly the road was good for a carriage way to within a short distance of the top. Across the wretched path several trees have fallen, which would sweep an erect rider from his horse. The calculation, which the eye does not take in, is that as the animal will sink to his knees in the soil, he will need so much less space for his head. A lady was recently thrown across one of these spiky stumps, and seriously mutilated. We asked the guide why he did not cut them down. A few hours with the axe would remove them. The answer was "Who'll pay?"

* The spelling of this name is various, Hoosac and Hoosac. We adopt that of the State Geological Report.

The observatory has, however, lasted our time, for we scaled its summit, once and again, to watch the varied panorama of the mountain range around. To the right on the south rose the far "Dome" of the Taconic, in the middle space the fair planted Monument Mountain. Here you looked beyond the New York boundary, close at hand, to blue distances of the Catskills. The near towns of the county lay all around, Lanesborough Hill and the fair Pontoosuc lake, of exquisite sustained beauty, below; here the Branches of the Hoosac, and threading its way beyond, the long journey of the Housatonic. The near view is of desolation, a wilderness of barren mountain. The New Englander's contest with the soil and elements is understood. He is not sublimated or refined by this scenery: it works no spiritual miracle in his case, but dooms him to a keener struggle with everyday actualities. It is no just cause of wonder that some of the people of North Adams never look upwards to their mountains, but trade in a short-sighted mercenary way in their sublimities. They have not called the "Hopper" amiss. The traveller is ground there very fine. In the face of this sublime and beautiful scenery, modelled and proportioned with every grace and dignity, the poor inhabitants of the towns have not the feeling or capacity to erect a decent clapboard or shingle dwelling. The genius of architecture has not yet risen in Western New England. Religion is mocked by the shabby pretences and vulgar efforts of most of the recent church buildings in this quarter.

People ascend mountains to get a nearer acquaintance with the sublimities of the heavens, sun rise and sun set. They go up to Graylock to see the sun rise. It did not rise for us in the morning: there were no lightning edges of burnished gold on the mountain lines, but a dull vaporish obscurity. Wait, however. In Nature phenomena are endless and the mighty mother is always working her wonders. The scudding wind-swept mist around us was a beauty with its swift movement, and when it went by to disclose the hills below with two rolling masses of upgathering cloud side by side, separated by a deep fissure, in "looped and windowed raggedness," the sublimities with which clouds are invested in the Old Testament were recalled to us. The moon, too, with its series of dissolving views, full and red, had risen to us on the mountain on the previous night, and now it was the ring of Saturn as it appeared girt by a single delicate cloud; then the ridges of cloudland painted snowy mountains on its surface; or it all became veiled from sight save a lurid spot in the vast vapor.

How rotten are the huge masses of vegetation around with the rank sprouting ferns. The trees raise their lofty dead stems, overcome by frost and tempests. It is marvellous how they attained such a size, for they must have been green once. Here and there they have fallen and lie with fungous encrustations or crumble in heaps of powdered rottenness. The old top of the mountain is as rank with the sweat of its clouds and vapors as the veriest low-lying bog of the depths below.

To pass a night on the mountain the visitor makes provision for sleep. Under present circumstances, the condition of things at the Observatory, it is quite a miscalculation. People should not go up into the clouds to sleep, for they can do it

better below. Those who are disposed to attempt this feat should take up a hammock to be suspended from the great cross timbers of the main room of the Observatory. In this way they may escape the transit of a company of rats disposed to curvet freely over the coverlets, and not come into contact so closely with the decomposed pine branches and rubbish which, with the refuse of ashes, picnics of yesterday, and the ooze of mists innumerable, form the amalgam of the floor. "Spare fast that with the Gods doth diet." If such were the repose of Jupiter and his company on Olympus they must have looked with envy on the plains, and Vulcan, kicked down to Lemnos, have made a happy exchange of it. But what has Graylock to do with sleep? A few hours may be surrendered once in a lifetime to the watching of the stars, the heavy sweep of this mountain scud, or the faint but grand approaches of the dawn. We have known men, however, to snore under such circumstances: nay, we would have given something for a sound, honest snore ourselves—sublimity would have looked better after it.

A reasonable number of buffaloes, from last winter's sleighing parties of your host below, is a safe provision, but more indispensable is a liberal supply of Heidsieck (the empty bottles make excellent candlesticks for your spermaceti—serving thus a double illumination), and which is most likely, should the night be dark and the fog obscure all things, a game of cards will help you over the small hours to daylight. We presume the fifteen-gallon law, with the jurisdiction of that learned legal functionary, the Sheriff of North Adams, stops short somewhere of the top of the mountain. If it does not, take fifteen gallons with you.

Water is a scarce thing on the mountain, though your hair may be saturated with the clouds: we paid the guides two dollars for a pailful, brought on horseback from some distance, tasting strongly of damaged ferns.

There is one resource always open, at least if there is not a deluge of rain. It is the bonfire, which all judicious travellers will secure at once. After some deliberation and weighing of the company the farmer at the beginning of the ascent has overcome his prudent scruples and lent you an axe. The old trunks lying about supply an abundance of fuel, and the hollow rain-washed roots of the huge stumps the best of fire-places, with nooks and crannies to protect the tender flame and hollow chimney ascents for its rising, while the frequent interrupted blast of the wind sweeps the mass of the fiery flood. As a fresh log is driven crashing into the heap the sparkling rain is sent whirling aloft, you think of the fire beacons of Scott and the Agamemnon, of New England witch burnings, of martyrs at the stake. It seems, as it has been, a natural offering of devotion.

There is an infinite variety for every visitor of the grand works of nature. No two will probably survey the world from Graylock under precisely the same circumstances. Mr. Thoreau in his Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, a book filled with minute and delicate observation of nature, describes his experiences on this mountain. He ascended it alone by a path of his own; with characteristic love of nature drank the moisture from the horse tracks in the pathway; slept on the ground with his head to the fire, and recommends a board for a covering with a stone on the top of it to

increase its warmth. He saw in the morning a vast sea of mist touching the foot of the Observatory, from whence arose islands, where stretched promontories and other phenomena of cloud land. "It was a favor," says he, "for which to be for ever silent to be shown this vision." We too had our vision, with many bounteous human accessories in kind faces and kind deeds of noble men and women, then and there assembled, on that night and morning of mid August, in the present year 1851.

E. A. D.

PINE NOT(E)S.
NO. V.

A VISION OF THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.
IS THE COUNTRY. August, 1851.

The white mistiness that Durand loves to cast over his pictures, gauzily veils the rolling landscape on the far side of the valley. On a limb above me a mocking bird is casting silver and water into music finer and softer than silver and water ever made. Beginning liquid—full and warbling, then changing into crystal—clear and fine. How the ravished ear lies in wait, watching after each note to catch the next. A long, long pause. Again, sweet bird! A robin sends his short, round note, full into the air; the locust's chizz rattles perseveringly at the drum of the ear. Again, sweet mocking bird!

Floating visions of palm groves wreath themselves into my reverie, with remembrances of the golden-haired "Gem of the Antilles." Fitting is it for the poet to liken the fair one of his song to the palm tree. The tree that springs from the earth round, smooth, broad, tapering gradually, like the graceful robes that sweep the floor, to the waist, and then enlarging again above, as at the bust. Then the crowning glory of the palm tree's feathery plume of leaves, by what is it equalled save the beautiful hair that crowns the beauty of woman?

I see the *Ingénio*'s waving fields of sugar cane, and through the hot noon recline again in the veranda of the *casa*, odorous with the fragrance of a hundred varieties of flowers, among which the oleander, blushing with its load of bloom, towers like a tree.

A dark skinned, thin featured man, of medium height, dressed in a broad *sombro* and white shirt, well starched throughout, that falls over white linen pants, wearing a short sword at his waist, and carrying a gun on his shoulder, gallops up to the door. He is mounted on a rather small sized, but plump, short-backed, hardy-looking horse. He does not dismount, but he talks volubly, and his dark eyes flash emphasis for his words. He is relating the case of a neighbor of his, a creole small farmer, like himself, who had died some months before, leaving a moderate property. But certain formalities were required by the law, and none but the petty magistrate of the district and the lawyers knew what all these formalities were, and none but they could arrange the compliance with those formalities which were interminable. Fees were exacted at every turn by the magistrate and the lawyers; and now all was finished; but the farmer's snug farm was gone, and his cattle reduced in number, and the widow and children, instead of a few thousands, were in possession of only a few hundreds. "Who made the laws?" "Espagne!" he answers. "What is the Magistrate?" "Espanol," he says. "And what are the lawyers?" "Carramba!" roars the dark creole, fiercely striking the spurs into his horse, "todos

Espanoles!" and he rides swiftly away, the smoke of his cigar trailing after him through the hot air.

He is one of a race each man of whom wants, for each day's consumption, three plaintains, three cups of coffee, and ten cigars, with one ear of corn for each league his horse traverses; and the rising and the setting sun will find him mounted and tireless day after day. The Spanish soldier, just imported from a cooler climate, will have fainted under the burning tropic sun, and fallen from his horse ere the close of the first day.

But he is volatile, and he is well supplied with what the classic writers of America style "gas," this creole of the middle and western parts of the island.

Not so at the east end, that mountainous country, where the creole to some extent is a cross of Spaniard and the French who came there from St. Domingo, long ago, flying from savage massacre. He is firmer than the creole of the middle and west, and he hunts the wild boar for his pastime, the hardy creole of the mountains.

Men are like a smooth coin, till fire brings out the impression.

The fire of revolution?

Volatile interests are like a dipper of sand: each grain is separate, but pour on water, and there is one solid heavy mass.

The watery flood of revolution?

But if uneducated and unacquainted with the responsibilities as well as with the advantages of self government? The press, that father of education, is shackled, is tongueless for creoles in Cuba; but steam is, and Time does; never ceasing its labor.

The men of Cuba are yet riding about with their shirts outside their pantaloons.

Again I see — and —, wealthy planters, but types of the best of their class. Educated, intelligent, gentlemanly, of easy manners. Some of these men will be among the men of Cuba; and they are mingled with a crowd where selfishness, timidity, jealousy, and treachery, have long kept the particles of sand without weight or power, to be blown hither and thither by the hot breath of despotic power.

Again, sweet bird! The great Opera house, Teatro Tacon, is thronged, and the circles of open front boxes seen to their floors, bloom with fair faces, dark hair wreathed with fresh flowers, and dark eyes that flash light for light with the gemmed brows and arms. The last act of *La Favorita* is sung, and Salvi and Steffanoni have brought down the house with rapturous applause in that gem of gems, the convent scene. An after-piece; and then a platoon of twenty drummers advancing to the footlights ring out their rorriatattoo as if the forty beating arms were on one man. The audience is wild with excitement, and loudly demand "encore." The curtain does not rise at their repeated call. Again and again "encore." Every face in the house is turned to a box in the second tier directly in front of the stage. The box is canopied with crimson and gold where all other of the tier are without ornament. A tall dark handsome man sits upright and immovable within the box. His face is stern, and his eyes are immovably fixed on the stage curtain in front. But those eyes can take within the range of their view the box of the Captain General, which is in the lower tier and near the stage. The audience have become furious, and the Captain General despatches the

side-de-camp that accompanies him to the Opera, who goes up to the dark man and appears respectfully to address to him a word or two. Then the stern man, the Alcalde of the city, raises his hand. The house is silent and the curtain rises.

A company of armed soldiers are drawn up nightly under the arcades below.

The bayonet is.

It is Sunday. Mass is heard in the morning, heard by a few women and a man or two, the women kneeling on the mats their servants have carried after them to the cathedral. It is noon, and the ladies are at the doors of the shops sitting in their volantes and shopping of the goods the obsequious clerks bring out for them. They are on their way home from mass.

It is a little past noon of Sunday, and the cockpit that opened at nine o'clock and will not close until 5 P. M. is thronged with men. The seats that rise about the inclosed and covered circle around the ring or arena when the cocks are fighting are filled with a shouting, screaming, cursing crowd. The grey cock gets the better of the red, and the mad crew shout vociferously their triumph or curse out their despair, as they may be betters on grey or red. "Twenty ounces to one on the grey!" The grey staggers, the red strikes stronger. "Two to one on the red—five to one—twenty to one!" And a sharp stroke of the grey cock lays the red dead on the sand. Twenty thousand dollars have changed hands on that cock-fight of some ten minutes' duration.

It is five o'clock of the same afternoon, and the *Paseo* is thronged with volantes and quitrines bearing their gay freight through the ordinary round of airing between the long lines of palms.

It is seven o'clock, and the living stream is pouring into the Opera. The same flowing dresses of muslin are there that in pairs or triplets rode behind the black *calasero*, whose gold embroidered jacket and heavy jack boots an hour ago added to the picturesque picture of the volante and its fair freight.

It is eleven o'clock at night, and hundreds have left the now closed Opera house to crowd into the ball-room across the street, where they jest, dance, and drink with domino and mask.

Thus goes the Sabbath—mass—cock-fight—Opera and masquerade.

Ah volatile! Uproariously exultant with a trifling hope in the cockpit, cursing despair when the trifles falls. The bayonet is—is it not useful here?

But the press is—and steam is—and the great example beyond the gulf stream is—and the few high hearts hope on—and the wild boars are hunted in the mountains—and Time is and will be at work.

Again, sweet mocking-bird! Why do you always carry me back in pleasant reverie to the lands of the magnolia and the palm?

The pleasant sailing with L— across the bay in the moonlighted nights comes again. Breezes are softly filling the sail, and we two are leaning over the stern—gathering the tepid water into our hands to watch the thousand specks like tiny glow-worms that glow in the water flowing away with it, and some left in the hand pale and go out, slipping away from us, we know not how. Glowing is the beautiful light in the water like an under stream of stars, or milky way, only brighter, more beautiful, streaming out behind from the rudder that frets the water into such beautiful coruscations.

Looking up once in a while we see the moon and the big stars, and wonder which of the lights is most beautiful.

Then out towards the great sea, where the light-house rises up giant-like; aye, its big red light, that comes and goes, revolving, looking forth like huge Polyphemus opening and shutting his big red eye upon us as he stands like the guardian giant of that fair scene where beauty calls for love. A love that dares in its purity, a pureness as of the stars and the moon, to rove and sail about, and look the giant in his red eye, and think how mean his glance beside the fairer lights in the heavens above and in the waters below us.

Fair land of the palm and the pine! Not the fragrant and tall pine above me, but the pine that bears the luscious apple. This hill of pines was hidden beneath the white sheet of snow while thus I sailed in your bright waters in the balmy nights, thou land of rich favors that man will not use, or using, abuses.

At such season, when the frost king reigns here, it seems as if I could not realize your glowing beauties. But now, when the summer heat is here, though seldom as hot as through the winter months it was there, the images and sentiments of your producing come freely and throng the halls and avenues of reverie fittingly, but too thickly for aught save resignation to the dream of tropic calm that folds itself about me and arrests hand and pen, leaving only power lingeringly to let fall hopefully the last faint

An Revoir.

D. P. B.

LITERATURE.

LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN ADAMS.*

[Second Paper.

In a previous notice (Literary World, No. 214), we commented upon some of the formative influences in the composition of the character of John Adams. He was a democrat by birth. A strong salient spirit of reform was a law of his mental life. His Diary now published shows how this spirit was tempered by constant self-examination, by the conservative influences about him, and, above all, by the well defined limits of his legal training. John Adams may have been a stout rebel in the eyes of his contemporaries, but he was also a constitutional one. The part he bore in the defence of Captain Preston, on trial for the Boston massacre, gave him an eminent position; separating in the most distinguished manner the patriot from the demagogue. "It appeared to me," says he in a retrospect of this transaction, "that the greatest service which could be rendered to the people of the town, was to lay before them the law as it stood, that they might be fully apprised of the dangers of various kinds which must arise from intemperate heats and irregular commotions. Although the clamor was very loud among some sorts of people, it has been a great consolation to me, through life, that I acted in this business with steady impartiality, and conducted it to so happy an issue."

Before embarking on the full tide of the Revolution, we are tempted to linger over some of the early anecdotes of Adams's

* The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States: with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations. By his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vols. II., III., IV., V. Boston: Little & Brown.

personal character and the times, preserved in the Diary. His sensitiveness in early life is a constant topic, a sentiment of retirement the inverse, evidently of his boldness in public. Thus he writes naively, "I am frequently exposing my ignorance of the province law, but things are started that put me upon examination," and of the influence of his legal preceptor, "I used to dread Putnam, because of his satirical and contemptuous smiles," and again, "Design attends and observes nicely and critically. *I learned with design to imitate Putnam's sneer, his sly look, and his look of contempt.* This look may serve good ends in life, may procure respect." Now says he, at the age of twenty-three, "let my whole courtship be applied to win the applause and admiration of Gridley, Pratt, Otis, Thacher, &c." These are the *diu majores* of the Province. There were certain lesser lights, of types certainly inferior, but in the aggregate of reputation, perhaps hardly less important, who are not forgotten by the young Adams:—"I have been very negligent and faulty in not treating Deacon S—, Nat B—, Deacon B—, &c., with more attention and sprightliness; I should bow and look pleasant to Deacon S—, and talk with him about news, war, ministers, sermons, &c.; should watch critically every word that Nat B— says, and let him see by the motions of the muscles of my face that I have discernment between wise and foolish, witty and silly, candid and ill-natured, grave and humorous speeches, and let him know on proper occasions I can vent a smart repartee; should always speak and shake hands with the Deacon, inquire after his wife, sons, &c., and humor his talkative disposition. It is of no small importance to set the tongues of old and young men and women a prating in one's favor." A very good collection of Poor Richardiana, worthy of Franklin, may be gleaned from these early memoranda.

An essay in miniature on a misunderstood topic occurs in an entry of the Diary, which is worth quoting for its present good sense, as for its illustration of the mental habit of the writer:—

DISSIMULATION.

"The first maxim of worldly wisdom, constant dissimulation, may be good or evil as it is interpreted; if it means only a constant concealment from others of such of our sentiments, actions, desires, and resolutions, as others have not a right to know, it is not only lawful, but commendable; because when these are once divulged, our enemies may avail themselves of the knowledge of them to our damage, danger, and confusion. So that some things, which ought to be communicated to some of our friends, that they may improve them to our profit, or honor, or pleasure, should be concealed from our enemies and from indiscreet friends, lest they should be turned to our loss, disgrace, or mortification. I am under no moral or other obligation to publish to the world, how much my expenses or my incomes amount to yearly. There are times when, and persons to whom, I am not obliged to tell what are my principles and opinions in politics or religion. There are persons whom in my heart I despise; others I abhor. Yet I am not obliged to inform the one of my contempt, nor the other of my detestation. This kind of dissimulation, which is no more than concealment, secrecy, and reserve, or in other words, prudence and discretion, is a necessary branch of wisdom, and so far from being immoral and unlawful, that it is a duty and a virtue. Yet even this must be under-

stood with certain limitations, for there are times when the cause of religion, of government, of liberty, the interest of the present age and of posterity, render it a necessary duty for a man to make known his sentiments and intentions boldly and publicly; so that it is difficult to establish any certain rule, to determine what things a man may, and what he may not lawfully conceal, and when. But it is no doubt clear, that there are many things which may lawfully be concealed from many persons at certain times, and on the other hand, there are things, which at certain times, it becomes mean and selfish, base and wicked, to conceal from some persons."

The student, in the mean time was ripening into the man of the world and accomplished lawyer, and the lawyer into the statesman.

In 1764 John Adams was married, an event which he subsequently chronicled in his autobiographic sketch, with an allusion to earlier flames:—

HIS MARRIAGE.

"Here it may be proper to recollect something which makes an article of great importance in the life of every man. I was of an amorous disposition, and, very early, from ten or eleven years of age, was very fond of the society of females. I had my favorites among the young women, and spent many of my evenings in their company; and this disposition, although controlled for seven years after my entrance into college, returned and engaged me too much till I was married.

"I shall draw no characters, nor give any enumeration of my youthful flames. It would be considered as no compliment to the dead or the living. This, I will say;—they were all modest and virtuous girls, and always maintained their character through life. No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of me, or to regret her acquaintance with me. No father, brother, son, or friend, ever had cause of grief or resentment for any intercourse between me and any daughter, sister, mother, or any other relation of the female sex. These reflections, to me consolatory beyond all expression, I am able to make with truth and sincerity; and I presume I am indebted for this blessing to my education. This has been rendered the more precious to me, as I have seen enough of the effects of a different practice. Corroding reflections through life are the never failing consequence of illicit amours in old as well as in new countries. The happiness of life depends more upon innocence in this respect, than upon all the philosophy of Epicurus or of Zeno without it.

"I passed the summer of 1764 in attending courts and pursuing my studies, with some amusement on my little farm, to which I was frequently making additions, until the fall, when, on the 25th of October, I was married to Miss Smith, second daughter of the Rev. William Smith, minister of Weymouth, granddaughter of the Honorable John Quincy of Braintree, a connexion which has been the source of all my felicity, although a sense of duty, which forced me away from her and my children for so many years, produced all the griefs of my heart, and all that I esteem real afflictions in life."

A previous entry in the Diary, five years before this date, shows upon what accidents this important event of human life may hang:—

ACCIDENTALLY NOT MARRIED.

"Accidents, as we call them, govern a great part of the world, especially marriages. S— and E— broke in upon H— and me, and interrupted a conversation that would have terminated in a courtship, which would have terminated in a marriage, which marriage might

have depressed me to absolute poverty and obscurity, to the end of my life; but that accident separated us, and gave room for —'s addresses, which have delivered me from very dangerous shackles, and left me at liberty, if I will but mind my studies, of making a character and a fortune."

The Diary during the years of his early legal successes at Braintree and Boston, has its amusing passages. The scene of the following seems to have been Worcester, in 1771:—

JURY STORIES.

"At about two o'clock this day we finished the famous cause of Cutler vs. Pierpont and Davis—an action of trespass for compelling the plaintiff to store his goods with the committee at Boston, and carting him, &c. We had stories about Fort George, the Duke of York, and a warm gentleman at Cambridge, Bob Temple.

"The Duke of York was in a battle at sea; a cannon ball hit a man's head, and dashed his blood and brains in the Duke's face and eyes. The Duke started and leaped quite out of the rank. The officer who commanded said, 'Pray, your Highness, don't be frightened.' The Duke replied, 'Oh sir, I am not frightened, but I wonder what business that fellow had here with so much brains in his head.' The warm gentleman at Cambridge was Bob Temple. A number of gentlemen at Cambridge, his friends, got into a quarrel and squabble, and somebody knowing that all had a great esteem of Temple, begged him to interpose and use his influence to make peace. At last he was persuaded, and went in among the persons; and one of the first steps he took to make peace was to give one of the persons a blow in the face with his fist.

"Thus the defendants are to be laughed and storied out of large damages, no doubt. However, the jury gave none; they could not agree; eight were for defendant, four for plaintiff."

Here is a glimpse of a club scene, the same year in Boston with Otis, Samuel Adams, and others:—

CLUB TALK.

"A very pleasant evening. Otis gave us an account of a present from Doctor Cummings of Concord to Harvard College chapel, of a brass branch of candlesticks, such as Isaac Royal, Esq. gave to the Representatives' room, and that it was sent to N. Hurd's to have an inscription engraved on it. The inscription is,—

"In sacelli hujus ornatum et splendorem
Phosphorus hoc manus, benigno contulit
Cummings, armiger, mediens, Concordiensis."

"Danforth. 'The inscription was much faulted by the wits at club, and as it was to be a durable thing for the criticisms of strangers and of posterity, it was thought that it ought to be altered.' Doctor Cooper mentioned an old proverb, that an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy. Mr. Otis mentioned another, which he said conveyed the same sentiment.—An ounce of prudence is worth a pound of wit. This produced a dispute, and the sense of the company was, that the word wit in the second proverb meant, the faculty of suddenly raising pleasant pictures in the fancy; but that the phrase, mother wit, in the first proverb, meant natural parts, and clergy-acquired learning-book learning. Doctor Cooper quoted another proverb from his Negro Glasgow,—A mouse can build an house without trouble. And then told us another instance of Glasgow's intellect, of which I had before thought him entirely destitute. The Doctor was speaking to Glasgow about Adam's Fall, and the introduction of natural and moral evil into the world, and Glasgow said, they had in his country a different account of this matter. The tradition was, that a dog and a toad were to run a race, and

if the dog reached the goal first, the world was to continue innocent and happy; but if the toad should outstrip the dog, the world was to become sinful and miserable. Everybody thought there could be no danger; but in the midst of the career the dog found a bone by the way, and stopped to gnaw it; and while he was interrupted by his bone, the toad, constant in his malevolence, hopped on, reached the mark, and spoiled the world."

A very subtle apologue for "Negro Glassow"—opposite to which we may set a scrap or two of mother

INDIAN WIT.

"Took a pipe in the beginning of the evening with Mr. Cranch, and then supped with Dr. Warren.

"The Indian preacher cried, Good God! that ever Adam and Eve should eat that apple, when they knew in their own souls it would make good cider.

"Sunday. Heard Mr. Cutler of Ipswich Hamlet; dined at Dr. Putnam's, with Colonel Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the Doctor; and Colonel —, and a Mrs. Scollay. Colonel Putnam told a story of an Indian upon Connecticut River, who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. 'How is this, landlord?' says he; 'last fall, you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three.' 'Oh!' says the landlord, 'it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as a horse.' 'Ay!' says the Indian, 'I can't see through that; he wont eat so much hay;—*Maybe he drink as much water.*' This was *sheer wit, pure satire, and true humor.* Humor, wit, and satire, in one very short repartee."

The glimpses of James Otis are very touching. He was at this period, 1770, and subsequently, suffering from the shattered state of his mental powers after the fracas with the British Commissioner, Robinson. This is in an entry of January 16, 1770:—

JAMES OTIS.

"Last evening at Dr. Peeker's, with the club. "Otis is in confusion yet; he loses himself; he rambles and wanders like a ship without a helm; attempted to tell a story which took up almost all the evening; the story may, at any time, be told in three minutes with all the graces it is capable of, but he took an hour. I fear he is not in his perfect mind. The nervous, concise, and pithy, were his character till lately; now the verbose, round-about, and rambling, and long-winded. He once said he hoped he should never see T. H. in heaven. Dan Waldo took offence at it, and made a serious affair of it; said Otis very often bordered upon profanity, if he was not strictly profane. Otis said, if he did see H. there, he hoped it would be behind the door. 'In my father's house are many mansions,' some more and some less honorable.

"In one word, Otis will spoil the club. He talks so much, and takes up so much of our time, and fills it with trash, obscenity, profanity, nonsense, and distraction, that we have none left for rational amusements or inquiries.

"He mentioned his wife; said she was a good wife, too good for him; but she was a tory, a high tory; she gave him such curtain lectures, &c. In short, I never saw such an object of admiration, reverence, contempt, and compassion, all at once, as this. I fear, I tremble, I mourn, for the man and for his country; many others mourn over him, with tears in their eyes."

How different this picture from that other, from the same pen, of Otis's early triumph

against the Writs of Assistance:—"Otis was a flame of fire: with a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American Independence was then and there born." Lately Webster paid Otis an eloquent and imaginative tribute:—"Warm, eloquent, and highly impassioned in the cause of liberty, his brilliant life was terminated by a stroke of lightning."

The growing strength of rebellion may be followed in these Diaries. Several entries of the year of the Stamp Act, 1765, are characteristic:—

GROWING DISAFFECTION.

"Went to Weymouth with my wife; dined at Father Smith's; heard much of the uneasiness among the people of Hingham, at a sermon preached by Mr. Gay, on the day of Thanksgiving, from a text in James: 'Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing.' In which he said that the ancient weapons of the church were prayers and tears, not clubs; and inculcated submission to authority in pretty strong expressions. His people said that Mr. Gay would do very well for a distributor, and they believed he had the stamps in his house, and even threatened, &c. This uneasiness, it seems, was inflamed by a sermon preached there the Sunday after, by Mr. Smith, which they admired very much, and talk of printing, as the best sermon they ever heard him preach. This sermon of Mr. Smith's was from—'Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' The tenor of it was to recommend honor, reward, and obedience, to good rulers, and a spirited opposition to bad ones, interspersed with a good deal of animated declamation upon liberty and the times.

"It seems there is a club, consisting of Colonel Lincoln, the two Captain Barkers, one of them an half-pay officer, Colonel Thaxter, &c., who visit the parson (Gay) every Sunday evening; and this club is wholly inclined to passive obedience, as the best way to procure redress. A very absurd sentiment indeed! We have tried prayers and tears, and humble begging, and timid, tame submission, as long as trying is good; and, instead of redress, we have only increased our burdens and aggravated our condemnation."

MR. CLEVERLY.

"Cleverly is another of the poisonous talkers, but not equally so. Cleverly and Veasey are slaves in principle; they are devout, religious slaves, and a religious bigot is the worst of men. Cleverly converses of late at Mr. Lloyd's, with some of the seekers of appointments from the Crown—some of the dozen, in the town of Boston, who ought, as Hancock says, to be beheaded; or with some of those who converse with the Governor, who ought, as Tom Royleston says, to be sent home with all the other Governors on the continent, with chains about their necks.

* * * * *

"A few weeks later went in the afternoon, with my wife, to her grandfather's. Mr. Cleverly here in the evening. He says he is not so clear as he was that the Parliament has a right to tax us; he rather thinks it has not. Thus the contagion of the times has caught even that bigot to passive obedience and non-resistance; it has made him waver. It is almost the first time I ever knew him converted, or even brought to doubt and hesitate about any of his favorite points,—as the authority of Parliament to tax us

was one. Nay, he used to assert positively that the king was as absolute in the plantations as the Great Turk in his dominions."

With one more significant record we leave this interesting Diary for the present:

"December 17, 1773. Last night, three earthenware of Bohemian tea were emptied into the sea. This morning a man-of-war sails. This is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the patriots, that I greatly admire. The people should never rise without doing something to be remembered, something notable and striking. The destruction of the tea is so bold, so daring, so firm, intrepid, and inflexible, and it must have so important consequences, and so lasting, that I cannot but consider it as an epocha in history."

WARE'S EUROPEAN CAPITALS.*

AFTER recent muddlings of our tongue by Howadis and Hurrygraphists in over anxious search for novelty of expression, it is a happy thing to be able to return to the "pure well of English undefiled," as we do in the volume before us. Its first characteristic is this of style. We seem to see the objects presented in a purely transparent medium. There is also a straightforward pursuit of the subject in hand; a desire to put the reader pleasantly in possession of a certain number of facts in a reasonably short period, combined with an impartiality and fairness not often met with.

Mr. Ware commences his series of European capitals with Rome and ends with London. His aim is to represent each as they now appear to the traveller, and to the traveller as he views them on the spot, not in the golden haze of retrospect and distance. It is in this spirit that he gives us this truthful picture of the

RUINS OF ROME.

"With the single exception of the Colosseum and its immediate neighborhood, the traveller does not find what his imagination had led him to expect as the chief pleasure in visiting Rome,—a profusion, namely, of the ruins of the old city, everywhere scattered about within the walls and in the suburbs, and everywhere easily accessible. The neighborhood of the Colosseum and the Forum is the only spot in Rome where ruin makes the predominant impression—where you would believe yourself to be in Ancient Rome. If at home you should turn over the massive pages of Piranesi, or any other volume descriptive of the ruins of Rome, you would suppose that if then you should visit the realities you had before contemplated in engravings, you would be able to see them in as free and unobstructed a manner as you had before in turning over the leaves of the illustrated volumes. But great would be your mistake. What is so visible in the book at home, is invisible when abroad among the objects themselves. It might have been a childish thought that a wild and impressive scene of devastation would everywhere meet the eye, and that to wander at large among the outskirts of the modern town, would be an obvious and easy method of obtaining at once instruction and delight in the classic and antiquarian field. But, with the single exception of the Colosseum and its immediate environs, there is no such scene—no such objects are to be met with. Nothing stands abroad and open to the sight. From the centre all round to the walls, all is either modern structure, or, where the houses end, in their place lofty brick walls begin; and your search after ruins ends, whichever way

* Mr. Webster's Letter to Citizens of Cape Cod, July 14, 1851.

* Sketches of European Capitals. By William Ware, Author of Zenobia; or, Letters from Palmyra, Aurelian, &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

you turn, in a wearisome tour between everlasting brick walls from six to ten feet high,—those impenetrable walls for your prospect on either side, and the sky, with now and then a tree-top, overhead. If on your road there are the remains of baths, temples, palaces, or other curious remnants of the ancient capital, they are not to be seen in that manner. If seen at all, it can only be by application by stone or bell to some well secured gate of villa, farm, or convent; and after rousing thereby some custode or sonnet monk from his labors or his slumbers. All such objects are now private property within the grounds of rich landholders, or public institutions, and are to be seen—which certainly is fair enough—only by the payment of a fee. My first walk in Rome was a long one of three or four miles, in a fruitless search after the ruins of Rome, but found nothing, save the modern streets, and the garden and convent walls, with the sky above. This, the traveller will say, is all wrong. There should be no private owning of the ruins of Rome, any more than mines of gold. They should be left the common possession of mankind."

A similarly truthful expression is given to the general effect of a large city in the hey-day of its life and activity on the mind of the beholder in this glimpse of London to the mind's eye. No one who has visited the mighty city can fail to be as much struck with this mental daguerreotype of his impressions as with the more material one we have just given of its ancient predecessor:

LONDON TOTALITY.

"But it would never do to attempt to describe London in any detail. There is but little in it, moreover, that would bear hearing described, after one has obtained a general idea of the city as a whole. It is surprising what a feeling of indifference about individual objects of curiosity you experience there. With most other cities it is the parts, the particular objects, which excite the chief interest; ruins, churches, palaces, museums, galleries, and the like. In London all such things become subordinate. In London you are satisfied with LONDON. You care little about St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Houses, or any other fragment of the great whole. You would rather walk up and down Piccadilly or Regent Street and see the life there, than get by heart the whole of the British Museum. You prefer the crowds in Fleet Street and the Strand, to seeing the Tower, the Crown jewels, the Knights on horseback, and the Stairs down which Lady Jane Gray went to execution. The very thing is the crowd, the jam, the mêlée—to miss that would be the great loss. The multitudes abroad are a better comedy or tragedy, according to the frame of mind of the observer, or the street he may happen to be in, whether Regent Street, or Wapping, or Rag Fair, than any he will be likely to witness at the Adelphi, or the Haymarket, Drury Lane, or Covent Garden. And the heavy rumble of innumerable vehicles along innumerable streets gives out a grander sound than the music of Exeter Hall or the Opera House. These are the objects, the sights and sounds which excite, engross, astonish you in London. You are witnessing a flow of human life which there is nothing resembling anywhere else, and which is a greater thing to witness than all objects of still life whatsoever. It is not a stream or flow of life as we use these figures, but a torrent roaring along with all the tumult and rage of Niagara."

Mr. Ware carries the same clearness into details which he bestows on general effects. His art criticisms are of course numerous, generally discriminating, and always independent. He will find many besides ourselves, we trust, to differ with him in his pre-

ference of the Dying Gladiator and the Venus to the Apollo,—and his remark that the semicircular colonnades on each side of the façade of St. Peter's are "in their purpose and design, especially in their connexion with, and in their relation to, the church itself, an absurd and ugly excrescence." These colonnades are to be regarded rather as a framework to the open space in front of the church than an appendage to the building itself, and the eye certainly rests with greater pleasure on their circular sweep than it would on rows of petty buildings, lines of dead walls, or even of rich columns or palatial façades.

"There is," says Mr. Ware, "a dignity and grandeur in straight parallel lines in architecture, which are lost in winding, twisted, circular forms. Suppose these colonnades, instead of being semicircular, were spiral! It would be a laughable absurdity at once. But the spiral would only be doubling the present absurdity." Mr. Ware has an undoubted right to prefer straight to circular forms in Architecture, and for general use they are undoubtedly preferable, but he makes a strange mistake in talking in the same way of circular that he does of "winding and twisted" forms. The circular form is an admitted one in all orders of Architecture. It gives its character to one of the noblest classes of buildings, whether viewed in its exterior or interior aspect. We mean the Rotunda and the Dome. Would Mr. Ware put corners to the Temple of Vesta, would he "square the circle" of the Pantheon, make a parallelogram of the Coliseum, or flatten the dome of St. Peter's? No, surely, for he speaks of these edifices with the veneration which they deserve. We may agree with him that if the colonnades of St. Peter's were spiral instead of circular they would be absurd, but we cannot see that it would be "doubling the present absurdity," there being no natural sequence from one to the other any more than to say that a man with an ugly mouth would be still uglier if he had two.

The remarks on Michael Angelo and the preference of his Prophets and Sybils over his productions in architecture and painting (the credit of designing St. Peter's being given to Bramante), and the praise of Guercino's *Eccle Homo*, are much more to the purpose than those on which we have commented.

In his remarks on national traits of character the author shows nice discrimination. We are glad to see the charge of love of money so indiscriminately attached by English travellers on our countrymen, fastened with greater truth on their own nation:—

LOVE OF MONEY.

"To any American traveller through England, it must be quite observable how commerce and the love of money, stocks and trade, all throughout England, override letters, art, nobility—everything, in a word, but law. England is still comparatively free and law-abiding. But once England was known abroad rather by her great names in literature and science—Bacon, Locke, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Davy were the names first suggested. Now they are of quite another character; Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, are to-day words of a more powerful spell. Cottons and cutlery, carpets and coats, woollens and worsteds, now reign paramount. The chimneys of innumerable engines belching smoke like volcanoes, now spread darkness over the land. Foreign fleets from both worlds

crowd the docks of London and Liverpool, bearing along with them countless throngs of partners, traders, agents, clerks, from all the known regions of the earth, to drive their bargains with the modern lords of the soil, no longer the secluded occupants of distant country-seats, long descended from illustrious ancestors, inaccessible save to a sacred few, but installed behind London counters, or within remoter counting-rooms; attended, not by foot-pagans and liveried servants innumerable as once, but, instead, besieged by armies of clerks, agents, runners, and *drummers*, all equally intent upon the service of the modern chivalry, money making. The London man of business is now the true earl, baron, duke of the empire. The lust of wealth has seized all hearts, and enslaved them and bound them in chains stronger even—though so different—than those which bound the old lords of the soil in the days of Charles the Second. This modern chivalry is an improvement upon the old point of morals, but would not, I fear, be thought so genteel. The Lovelaces would probably be considered a more gentlemanly breed in the calendar where such things are graduated, than the brewer, the grocer, the cotton-spinner, the ironmonger, who now reign in the ascendant. But the world will generally agree to bestow honor and reverence where the power is, and in 1850 money is power. Money is, in England, Kings, Lords, and Commons. Money is the real nobility. Bankers are the true ministry, and determine questions of peace and war, and make the treaties. The Rothschilds, though they cannot get into Parliament, rule with equal despotism on the outside. The England of the nineteenth century is but one vast counting-house. The slur of Napoleon is truer now than when first uttered, that England is a nation of shopkeepers.

"This is, of course, what we are, also, to a very considerable extent. Agriculture, however, as yet, bears away the palm, and will for some time to come. We are still farmers, much more than traders. But though we, as well as they, were all shopkeepers, it must surely be considered as following a more Christian, as a more reputable business, than pleasure and idleness, though England is yet so far in darkness as not to think so, and to feel a little ashamed of her modern destiny; and fond as her children are of money, and of all it brings, they would almost be ready to abandon it, with all its power, for a very little rank. They glory in their wealth, but have no sooner made it than they, without a moment's hesitation, would surrender it all for a prefix of Lord or Sir to the name."

The sight of women laboring in the open fields is one which usually excites the indignation of British as well as American travellers, the former apparently forgetting the females staggering under heavy loads who form so ordinary a sight in the poorer streets of Edinburgh or Glasgow. Mr. Ware does not approve the matter, but finds a picturesque and healthful side in it, which is as much a part of the truth as the dark one which has almost always hitherto been presented:—

WOOD BEARERS AND GRAPE BEARERS.

"The out-door life of this people, both in respect to labor and amusements, is agreeable and graceful. In the country, the labor done by women is in some particulars coarse, hard, and to our ideas revolting, being that, we think, which should be performed exclusively by men. They are sometimes seen laboring in the fields with the implements used by men. And very often you pass them on the roads with burdens borne upon the head which we should think heavy enough for a horse or a mule. Descending one day from the Convent of Vallombrosa,

about twenty miles from Florence, I was overtaken by a troupe of country girls, all in the highest spirits, each of whom bore upon her head a large bundle of wood, as large as could be bound upon a jackass. They were girls of not more than from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and were carrying these heavy loads from the forests, where they had collected the wood, to some neighboring village for sale. It was on a day in August, as hot as our hottest summer weather. It seemed too severe a service for their age and sex, and as if it could scarcely fail to bring on premature old age. Under such circumstances, the bearing of such burdens was altogether painful to witness. Under others slightly different, and the painful would disappear and lose itself in the picturesqueness of the scene. Let the same troupe of girls be seen at the time of the vintage, each bearing a loaded basket of white and purple grapes to market, the full bunches of the ripe fruit with the leaves hanging down over the basket so as to reach the shoulders—with their pretty head-dress, bodice and gown of some strong color, scarlet, white, or blue, or green, with their upright form and elastic step, reminding one so of the ancient Greek Canephore in the old Greek sculpture—and the beauty of the sight might make one forget the hardship to which the life often exposes them. Other labors seem lighter, but I do not know that they would be more healthful or agreeable than this out-door, and apparently more severe occupation. Throughout Tuscany the girls and women devote themselves exclusively, almost, to the plating of the beautiful Tuscan straw, of which are made the elegant and costly bonnets, which are everywhere sought at such prices. No cottage door can be passed where the inmates will not be seen weaving this delicate braid. They in Italy who weave this Tuscan braid are the same who in America would achieve their independence at the cotton mills of Lowell, Manchester, and Waltham. There, as here, industry is a national trait, notwithstanding the softness and luxury of the climate; and there, as here, claims and receives with unvarying certainty its large reward—with this difference, that the young Italian girl cannot so soon boast the independence which she has secured by the labor of her own hands. The wages at straw braiding are about forty cents a day."

In the course of his remarks on English cleanliness, Mr. Ware goes somewhat out of his way to notice a disgusting habit prevalent among a great many people in this country, but not quite the national sin he seems disposed to make it out. We wish he had omitted the pages entirely; they excite the same disgust among the beautiful and elevated topics of his book as a saliva spot left on a rich carpet at the feet of his lady love by a Western swain as a tender souvenir of his visit. Mr. Ware, however, says he is disgusting and means to be. He sacrifices his taste to what he conceives to be his duty. His philippic is so severe that we readily imagine that the floor of his lecture room exhibited a less abundant crop of quids after he had concluded than on ordinary occasions.—

AN AMERICAN HABIT.

"One trait more, though with the risk of disgusting some and offending more—though I will hope not. An Englishman, I believe, rarely chews, and, compared with the American, rarely smokes; but whether he does not secretly practise both these abominations I am not prepared to say. But with both these provocatives, if it be so, one thing he never does, is, to spit. That fact draws a line of demarcation between the Englishman and the American, broader and deeper a thousandfold than any other, in politics, government, laws, language,

religion. *The Englishman never spits.* Or if he does, he first goes home, shuts himself up in his room, locks his door, argues the necessity of the ease; if necessary, performs the disagreeable duty, and returns to society with a clear conscience. The American spits always, and everywhere; sometimes when it is necessary; always, when it is not. It is his occupation, his pastime, his business. Many do nothing else all their lives; and always indulge in that singular recreation when they *have* nothing else to do. Sometimes in a state of momentary forgetfulness he intermits; but then, as if he had neglected a sworn duty, returns to it again with conscience-smitten vigor. He spits at home and abroad, by night and by day, awake and asleep, in company and in solitude, for his own amusement and the edification of a spitting community. On the freshly painted or scoured floor, on the clean deck of a ship or steamboat, on parlor floors, covered whether with ingrained, Brussels, Wilton, or Turkey, even there he voids his rheum; upon the unaborbent canvas, so that one may see, where numbers congregate, the railroad cars to run in more ways than one. The pulpits and pews of churches are not safe. The foot pavement of the streets, the floors of all public places, of exchanges, hotels, of Congress halls, are foul with it; and in railroad cars it must always be necessary for a lady to shorten her garments, as if about to walk in the deep mud of the street, or the snow and water of spring, if she would escape defilement to either her dress or her slippers. As the power of direction of these human missiles is by no means unerring, notwithstanding so much practice, one's own person, and all parts of his person, are exposed to the random shots of this universal foe of American civilized life; and often he finds on different parts of his dress proofs abundant of the company he has kept. The only single spot absolutely secure is a man's face; and that would not be, were it not for the fear of a duel.

"That there is not the shadow of exaggeration in this description, coarse as it is, and coarse as it has been my intention to make it, all Americans, and all travellers who have ever been within an American hotel, steamboat, or rail-car—all will testify. And the result of it all is, I suppose, that we are the freest and most enlightened people on the face of the earth! But for one, republican as I am in principle, I think, on the whole, I would prefer the despotism of Austria, Russia, or Rome, to the freedom, if I must take with it the spit, of America. It is vice enough to tempt one to forswear home, country, kindred, friends, religion. It is ample cause for breaking acquaintance, friendship, for a divorce. In a word, it is our grand national distinction, if we did but know it. There are certainly parts of the country comparatively, but only comparatively, free from this vice. Here at the north there is much less than at the west and the south, though here enough of it to disgust one with his race. In proportion as general refinement prevails, the custom abates. At the south, no carpets, no rooms, no presence affords protection.* Here, in the best rooms, the best society, there is partial exemption; though not often enough from the presence of that ingenious, fearful patent, the brazen, china, or earthen box.

"Would that my country could be induced to pause in this wonderful career! Pity some public effort could not be made by way of general convention, or otherwise, for the abatement of this national mischief—certainly as worthy of attention as very many of our political and moral reforms. The advice of the Lon-

don surgeon, Abernethy, to an American sea-captain, was at any rate useful to us all, and pregnant with good medical philosophy. 'Keep your saliva in your mouth to help digest your food with,' said he, 'and not spit it all over my carpet.' Very wholesome counsel. And, seriously, who can say how much the pallid face, the proverbial indigestion of our country, even consumption itself, may not be owing to this constant drain which deprives the stomach of a secretion which nature provided for the most important purposes in the manufacture of the blood, and which she certainly did not provide to be wasted and thrown about in the manner of the Anglo-American."*

In reading these pages we thought the case stated too strongly until we suddenly remembered having only the last Sunday before seen the immaculate floor of the Shaker house of worship at Lebanon defiled in this manner. What a scrubbing must have ensued on the following Monday. Common humanity, one would have thought, should have taught the offending brute to compassionate the hard worked fingers of the blanched sisterhood.

There is too much *laissez aller* as regards these offenders. They should be regarded and treated like tender infants of imperfect reticence in other respects and taught to keep out of the way accordingly.

A great deal of information about London will be found in Mr. Ware's sketch on London and a careful summing up of the present feelings of Americans towards Englishmen. We will make room, as we wish like the author, to wind up in a good humor, only for the genial side of the picture with which the volume closes:—

HONOR TO ENGLAND.

"But as I began with words of praise, let us end with the same. We will not leave the theme in ill humor with either ourselves or the people about whom we have been thinking. To be sure, they are not a faultless people. They are a people of more glaring faults than probably any other—more obvious and more disagreeable—a people, even where the good predominates in substantial qualities, rarely to one's taste. Dr. Johnson may stand well enough for an impersonation of the race; rough, harsh, rude, unmannerly, overbearing, proud, surly, insolent, and shy; but then placable, sternly upright, nicely honorable, virtuous, and religious (with a dash of cant), bold, fearless, above all, manly; with a heart soft as a woman's when reached, but not easily reached; taking apparent pleasure in offering affronts, slights, almost insults, yet euding capriciously in kind words, and often kinder deeds; like all great men and nations, I believe, taking a sort of pride in inconsistency, contradictions, caprice; and if this sketch of the English character is itself marked by inconsistencies, it is only the more sure to be in keeping with the subject.

* It seems to be quite within the power of railroad directors, captains of steamboats, keepers of taverns, hotels, boarding and eating houses, &c., to do something to check, at least, the vile practice. The difficulty, however, one must suppose, would be, that they themselves are too often in the same condemnation. But it must be worth considering on economical grounds, whether it were not deserving of a serious effort to break up a habit that costs the labor and wages of many servants daily, in any considerable establishment, to make apartments decent or habitable after the passage of a single day, owing to this single filthy practice. They may well consider, too, whether their guests have any more right to spit about apartments and on floors, than they have to throw upon them a shovel full or barrow load of any other kind of ordure. It is certainly an advantage to three of our cities that the Cochituate, the Croton, and the Schuylkill run through them. If branches of them could in any way be turned through our railroad cars daily, it would be an indescribable benefit to the companies concerned, and the community generally.

* Let six such Americans meet round a stove, in a bar-room, or parlor, or hotel drawing room, of a morning—of the six, four will spit before speaking a word; one will bid good morning first, and spit afterwards; the sixth will make a remark somewhat at length upon the weather, and, by way of compensation for extraordinary retention, spit twice or thrice.

Still, if we might be permitted to do so, we would gladly chime in with the poet's burden,

"England, with all thy faults, we love thee still."

At least, if we do not, and may not love, we cannot but honor. All honor, on the whole, to such a people. Honor to the stubborn stuff of which the rough-coated Englishman is made. No flaccid muscle there; all bone, iron muscle, tough sinew. All honor to the unflinching spirit of a people that have preserved and handed down to after times the liberties, civil and religious, which they first secured, but have been sorely tempted through so many ages, by wealth, by power, by flattery, by bribery, to abandon and betray. Honor to the heroes of Magna Charta; and to the people, their true descendants, whose pertinacity for the right afterwards withstood the wheedling, falsehoods, sophistries, of the polite but dangerous Charles—and to the sturdy champions, who, at a later hour, drove from the throne and from the shores of England the second James, tyrant, liar, Catholic, and fool; and then, by one and the same act, secured for ever the Protestant succession and the constitutional liberties of the kingdom. All honor to such a people. And although they do not like, or love, nor care for much, any way, America, and we, for many reasons, like her as little; yet I am sure, there is a strong disposition here—in spite of such language—which there is not there, to be friends, to do all in our power towards establishing and perpetuating friendship with a nation whom in our hearts we so highly venerate. And as for England, we will only hope, that, as in the case of an individual when he reaches old age he is apt to grow more mild and gentle, more loving and so more lovable, so it may be with her, as her age increases upon her; and that we, at present far removed from the regard we once entertained, shall be able to return ere long to a sincere and hearty re-adoption of the kindly sentiment that universally prevailed in the days of our political youth."

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

By various movements, the newspaper press appears to be pressing forward, as it is entitled to, among the solid interests of the practical world. We find, in one of the London journals, an elaborate report from a Select Committee of the British Parliament. The Committee was organized to inquire into the present state and operation of the law relative to newspaper stamps, and also into the law and regulations relative to the transmission of newspapers and other publications by post. As an illustration of the condition of affairs in England, with some analogies applicable to ourselves, we give a passage from the report of general interest:—

"In examining witnesses as to the operation of the law on the newspaper press, it is found that an opinion prevails to some small extent that the maintenance of the stamp has the effect of rendering newspapers more respectable than they would be if free from that restriction. After weighing the reasons for such opinion, your committee conclude that it does not rest on any good foundation. No deterioration of the newspaper press, but, on the contrary, an improvement followed the reduction of the stamp which took place in 1836; and doubtless the character of newspapers would continue to improve in proportion to the advance in public taste and morals, although the stamp should be entirely abolished. It is stated by one of the witnesses, as an objection to the removal of the stamp, that a new class of journals would spring up, if the stamp were repealed, in the smaller towns and country districts, and that it would be (Evidence 1,555) 'a misfortune that there should be local papers

of a more petty character than at present exists.' The general bearing of nearly all the other evidence is of a contrary tendency; and the unanimous opinion of those gentlemen who, being persons who had devoted attention to the education and social improvement of the working classes, were specially examined on this branch of the subject, was to the effect that moral advantages might be expected to follow the establishment of cheap local newspapers.

"Your committee concur with the proprietor of the *Liverpool Journal* in thinking that the cheapening the cost of existing provincial papers would extend their circulation and improve their quality; while they also believe that, should a new class of small and cheap local papers arise, they would occupy a field hitherto not reached by existing newspapers, and be the vehicles of knowledge to large classes of persons who otherwise would get no newspaper at all.

"The present extensive sale of penny publications, as shown by the evidence, abundantly proves the desire among the humbler classes for some kind of reading and mental improvement; but the stamp prevents the penny paper from containing a record of the current events of life, thus depriving the readers of small periodicals, who are for the most part persons living by labor or of limited means, of that most useful knowledge, the news of the day; for which, as is stated by Mr. Abel Heywood, a gentleman extensively engaged in supplying cheap literature, 'as the result of his experience' among the class of readers alluded to, there is a greater desire than for any other kind of information. It may be said, with truth, that the newspaper stamp prohibits the existence of such newspapers as from their price and character would be suitable to the means and wants of the laboring classes.

"The question of pirating articles of intelligence by one newspaper from another has been brought under the notice of your committee, by witnesses conversant with the newspaper press, and favorable to the abolition of the duty. The established newspapers—particularly the London daily press—collect the valuable information which they report to the public at a very great expense, and publish it at a very costly celerity. It has been stated, that if the newspaper duty were abolished, there would be a great temptation to the numerous halfpenny and penny publications which would then spring up, to pirate the public intelligence collected at so much cost and exertion. It has been proposed that some short privilege of copyright should therefore be conferred."

The *Times* commenting on the report brings to bear its usual felicity of style and illustration—and what it says applies so directly to questions arising and likely to arise in this country that we quote it at length:—

"The mysterious device in the corner of our paper may have some secret virtue; it may authenticate our suggestions, like the stamp on a patent medicine, or the awful word 'registered' on an article not otherwise remarkable; it may warrant our gentility, like the 12s. a young gentleman is charged for sealing his letters with a crest; it may give us more elbow room, like the penny a man pays for a promenade on Southwark-bridge, or the difference between a penny and a twopenny steamer; it may, for all we know, be the very spell of our existence; but we nevertheless incline to the

vulgar opinion that a tax on our produce falls a little on ourselves.

"The committee observes, and it is almost a truism, that, apart from fiscal considerations, public intelligence can hardly be a matter which it is desirable to tax. It would, indeed, be strange if it were. A tax on news is nothing more or less than a tax on the use of the eyes and ears, a tax on the employment of the mind, a tax on the improvement of the understanding, a tax on knowledge, a tax on events, a tax on our social existence, on our common interests, and our mutual sympathies. The Royal assent has just been given to the abolition of a tax on those useful apertures through which we admit the light of the sky, the vital air and the sight of the world around us. What, indeed, could be said, for a tax which operated as an inducement to sit in the dark, to stop ventilation, and to shut out the face of nature and of man? But only next to that is a tax which operates in precisely the same manner on the apertures of the mind. Consider how it works. A fearful epidemic invades the country—a man must pay a penny for being acquainted with the fact; it approaches his town—another penny for that piece of information; it may be averted by preventives and mitigated by remedies—any accession to his knowledge on these critical points is charged a penny more; HER MAJESTY opens Parliament with a speech containing some important intimations—he is taxed a penny for reading it; a statesman makes a speech announcing a great policy—every reader pays his penny for being edified thereby; a colliery accident destroys a hundred men, and scatters misery over the land—the colliers of the next parish must pay a penny to profit by the caution; it is a penny to be forewarned of an eclipse, or to have it explained. This of course is thoroughly indefensible, except on the old familiar ground, that money must be got one way or another. *Post nummos virtus.* First the Treasury, then public improvement. It appears that the tax raises about 350,000*l.* a-year. Whether any considerable portion of that could be procured by a penny stamp on such papers, and such only, as pass through the post, every time of their transmission, is more than we can venture to say. The greater part of our impression does not pass through the post in the first instance, and we know not whether its passage through the post from the first to the subsequent readers would go far to make up the deficiency arising from the abolition of the stamp.

"As things now are, newspaper publishers are, we believe, the only class of people who literally observe the rule of the first Christians in a perfect community of goods. The information we give to the world every morning before our readers are out of their beds costs us hundreds of pounds, but no sooner is it out than it is freely appropriated by all our brethren of the press. We have our correspondents in India, in America, in Paris, Vienna, and all over the world. We have lines of communication from a thousand different parts to Printing-house-square, all of them requiring great management and cost. The intelligence is brought in breathless haste to our office, arranged, composed, and printed, with costly and critical celerity. In a few hours we may see it *verbatim* in the columns of a contemporary, which repays the obligation with the rankest abuse, and a day or two after we may find our precious matter filling whole pages of some provincial jour-

nal, whose only original matter, perhaps, is a furious tirade against the victim of this wholesale spoliation, claiming spotless integrity for the spoiler, and denying all principle to the spoiled. So customary is this that the offenders are really unconscious of their crime. Of course, it occasionally strikes us in, perhaps, a stronger light than we can ever expect it to strike our provincial contemporaries themselves. If it were an object to extend our circulation, we might, perhaps complain that in certain promising districts of this country the London papers are in great measure superseded by provincial reprints published and circulated almost as soon as copies of our paper could reach the rural districts by the general post.

"At present the grievance—for a grievance it is—has certain practical limits, and the penny stamp, as being a limit to the circulation of the press altogether, is one of those limits. But, in the event of its abolition, there is some reason to apprehend that a swarm of papers would spring into existence, both in town and in country, that would recklessly appropriate our intelligence the instant it appeared, and undersell us in its propagation. The fivepenny weekly paper is likely to be generally superseded by the penny and twopenny daily paper, and other cheaper and more frequent channels of intelligence. Unless they are taught better manners they will prey on us without scruple and abuse us in return. The Select Committee on Stamps have not put us so entirely out of the question, and they propose a limited law of copyright, just to give us a few hours' start of our numerous plunderers. That is no more than is fair, though whether the predatory legion is prepared for an enforcement of the rights of property, is more than we or they will venture to say. The introduction of penny and twopenny papers will be a new state of things, and we can have no right to object to it; but we certainly shall be justified in protesting against pirates who shall first rob us of our costly goods and then undersell us in our own market."

On the first discovery of the magnetic telegraph it was supposed that by equalizing the news to all the public journals, the main competition would be in the writing talent employed in their columns: and that in this way the literature of the daily press must be greatly improved. If however the doctrine promulgated in the remarks we have quoted, allowing to the first purchasers the exclusive use of the news, be sustained and enforced by legislation, journalism must be thrown back again entirely into the hands of capital: and while the power of the press would be greatly increased the quality of its influence might be considerably diminished.

With this opening to the subject we propose to return to it, in connexion with the statements of the United States census in reference to the number, circulation, etc., of American journals; and a publication, somewhat analogous, "The Newspaper Press Directory" lately issued in London.

Cyclopedia of the Industry of All Nations. By Charles Knight. Putnam.—Mr. Knight has, in this compact octavo volume, turned various copyright material, in his ownership of the *Encyclopædia*, &c., to account, in illustration of the great range of industrial topics arising in connexion with the Great Fair. Scientific detail, geographical description, manufacturing processes are exhibited (with the aid of num-

rous elegant illustrations) in a popular and attractive manner. It is a useful publication, recommended by its cheapness, worthy of a circulation beyond the time and place of the Exhibition, which has given occasion to its production.

Incidents in the Life of a Pastor. By William Wisner, D.D. Scribner.—An exhibition of the peculiar method of the ultra revival school in dealing with the human soul.

A Manual of Roman Antiquities, with numerous Illustrations. By Charles Anthon, LL.D. Harper & Bros.—A single duodecimo volume of some four hundred and fifty pages, in which the entire routine of Roman life, public and private, military, legal, religious, domestic manners, amusements, &c., are treated in continuous series. It is auxiliary to the larger *Dictionary of Antiquities*, where special titles may be consulted at length. The latest and best authorities have been used. The text is clear and full, and is constantly supported by references to the original authorities.

The Elements of Algebra, designed for Beginners. By Elias Loomis, M.A. Harper & Bros.—One of the last and best results of modern scholarship is the simplification of its processes. The best minds of the day are employed in rendering science universal. A service of this kind is performed for the Elements of Algebra by Professor Loomis, in the present work, in an easy and progressive blending of arithmetic with its processes. Algebraic symbols are applied to problems of such simplicity that they may be readily solved by arithmetic alone. Abstract principles are then gradually introduced. It is a work of essential service to the youthful student.

Elements of Geology, intended for the Use of Students. By Samuel St. John, Professor of Chemistry and Geology in Western Reserve College. Putnam.—A volume of the facts of the science, as evidenced by the latest authorities, diligently condensed for the use of the higher schools. It is numerously and picturesquely illustrated, and in some instances from original designs, by Prof. J. Brainard, in a spirit well calculated to engage the attention of the student. A feature, which may be recommended in similar instances, is the substitution of a minute analytical table of contents for the series of questions which disfigure the foot of the page in many valuable text-books, worthy, like the present work, of a place in the library as well as the school-room. There is also an index and glossary of terms.

PUTNAM has just published *Elements of Analytical Geometry*, by Prof. Albert E. Church, of the West Point Military Academy. In preparing this treatise, says the author in his preface, his design has been to preserve the true spirit of analysis, as developed by Biot in his work on the same subject, while making such changes in the arrangement of matter and method of demonstration as will facilitate the study to the pupil possessed of a knowledge of the elementary principles of Algebra and Geometry.

THOMAS, COWFERTHWAIT & Co., Phila., have issued in one convenient volume, *The Serial and Oral Method of Teaching Languages*; adapted to the French, by L. Manesca; a work which, in its more cumbersome form, has been extensively used, and passed through several editions. The late M. Manesca, of this city, was among the foremost in applying the oral method to instruction in French, and his work as successively issued has been practically proved by large numbers of students. It is an excellent adaptation of the synthetic method. The same publishers also issue an edition of Urelio's *Grammatica Inglesa* for the use of Spanish students, from the seventh Paris edition. The vocabulary and exercises are ample for an easy introduction to either language.

MESSRS. APPLETON have ready, in Perkins's series of mathematical works, the *Practical Arithmetic*, "designed for such institutions as require a greater number of examples than are given in the Elementary Arithmetic."

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. issue two new volumes of Mr. Arthur's Library for the Household, *Stories for Parents and Seed Time and Harvest*.

GARRIGUE'S *Iconographic Encyclopædia*, Part 22, is occupied with illustrations of the personages of Greek and Oriental Mythology, as they appear in poetry and art. They are minutely and appropriately represented with great beauty of outline. The letter press contains the department of Zoology. The work will be completed in October.

The *Art Journal*, for August (Virtue, 26 John street), has a choice illustration from Wilson's picture in the Vernon Gallery, the Lake of Avernus, filled with the calm beauty of an Italian evening. There is also the Portrait of an Astronomer, by H. Wyatt. Sculpture is represented by a group, the Prodigal Son embraced by his father, by W. Theed. An article on the United States in the Great Exhibition, notices the leading and highly valuable contributions of Ericsson and others in the scientific department. The Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition appended furnishes some fine forms of foreign workmanship in furniture, dress, domestic and ornamental ware. Two more parts of this Catalogue will complete an elegant volume of the finer products of the Exhibition.

Tallis, Willoughby & Co. (46 Vesey street), have commenced the publication of a folio edition, in numbers, of the Roman Catholic translation of the Bible from the Latin Vulgate, with annotations, references, and an historical and chronological index, revised by the Rev. Geo. L. Haydock and the very Rev. Dr. Hamill—with the approval of the Archbishop of New York, &c. Each number will have an illustration on steel.

The French pictorial paper, *L'Illustration*, is kept up with constant spirit and a frequent infusion of American articles. The engravings of the Fourth of July scenes at New York and the full length of Washington, in a recent number, are executed in a brilliant and effective manner. In its main departments of History, Biography, commemoration of passing events, humorous tales, &c., this publication blends very happily the useful with the agreeable. It is well worthy of a place on the table of every American reading-room. The office of publication is 267 Broadway.

A Supplement to Mr. Strong's *Illustrated American News* in folio contains a full and elaborate account of the Erie Railroad, with numerous views of scenery. The account is written in a graphic and appreciative style far above the average of productions of this class. It is an excellent manual of the road, at a very cheap price, and is worth sending for from a distance as well as reading on the route. The regular weekly issues of this illustrated paper are improving with successive numbers. It takes hold of American subjects, has already a large circulation, which it is likely to increase by the energy and opportunities of the publisher.

The *Illustrated National Mirror* is the title of a new miscellaneous and historical weekly issued by Geo. W. White, Boston.

The latest numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Baillière, 290 Broadway) contain articles on Modern French Painters and Sculptors, Sketches of the towns on the English Channel, a political article on Switzerland, a paper on Jasmin the Barber Poet, English Poetry since Byron, &c., with the usual chronicle of the fortnight.

THE KANGAROO.
From the German of Apollonius von Maltitz.

WHEN God created the Kangaroo
(A creature no poet hath sung once),
He gave him a pouch and added thereto :
" The bag is for thy young ones."
But scarce had the animal gone three paces,
When, shrugging his shoulders and making up
faces,
He said : (these beasts eat the strangest capers!)
" The wallet is just the thing for my papers."
Forthwith all domestic bliss he renounces,
And into politics he pounces,
No manuscript so stale and musty,
But into his wallet straightway thrust he,
Wherever men gathered rebellion to brew,
You were sure to find the Kangaroo,
He carried with him where'er he might go,
A Radical-portfolio,
And all might see who were not half-witted,
That the creature must soon be compromised.

The warning proved no empty bubble,
The Kangaroo soon fell into trouble,
The Kangaroo fell under suspicion,
Was taken up on charge of sedition,
His pile of papers did so impede him,
They ordered two stout men to lead him,
The bag was sealed in a mighty flurry,
The trial they did not exactly hurry.—

He sits in jail now and pines away,
In fear of being hung once,
Friends, let your papers alone, I pray
And think about your young ones.

C. T. B.

I AND THOU.

From the German of Geibel.

I AM the storm that Northward loves to flee,
Thou art the moonlight on the tranquil sea—
How can such I with such a Thou agree!

Thou art the beam that lights the lily's eyes,
I the wild hail that from the black cloud flies—
Oh, endless chasm that between us lies!

I, wild, inconstant, earth's dark guest, and
Thou
With almost angel-clearness on thy brow—
Come, Love, and show thyself almighty now!

C. T. B.

HOW SHALL I COUNT?

How shall I count, O miser Time,
Life's swiftly ebbing sands ?
Shall I unite the dark and bright,
In pure and loving bands—
Shall I unite the dark and bright,
The sad and joyous hours,
And own life's but a mixed wreath
Of fresh and faded flowers ?
Ah, no ! I'll count, O miser Time,
None but the joyous hours;
I'll only mark the golden sands,
And pluck the blooming flowers;
And these, alone, upon my lips
And in my heart beneath,
Shall be the record of my life,
A bright, unfading wreath !

C. D. STUART.

MR. SCHOOLCRAFT'S INDIAN RESEARCHES.

Washington, Aug. 9, 1851.

Messrs. Editors.—The poorest man in the community has the privilege of naming his own children, though a doubt may even exist as to the paternity, the law being, in this case, very kindly on the side of the presumptive. The same privilege should, I think, hold good with respect to an author and his books.

I have this day received from Mr. Putnam a copy of a volume just published in N. Y., entitled, "The American Indians, their His-

tory, Condition, and Prospects," with the imprimatur of G. H. Derby & Co., Buffalo. One vol. 8vo. 495 pp., with woodcuts. My name is kindly put on the title-page, and it is even said to be a "new revised edition." A revised edition of what ? Not certainly of any work I have ever written under that particular title. It appears to be made up chiefly of my miscellany entitled, "Oneota," and "the Indian and his Wigwam." The extracts from these comprise 416 pages. An appendix of personal narratives, from several sources, is added, making 79 pages. The woodcuts, &c., except three, appear to be from original designs. The whole is copyrighted, "according to Act of Congress," in 1851, in the northern district of New York.

A man ought not, I suppose, nowadays, to complain, if the booksellers do not swallow him whole, head first, as the anaconda does a stag. But, seriously, I beg in this instance to say, that the enterprise of the worthy house at the West is by far more conspicuous than any other visible trait which I perceive about it. So far from revising the work, I have not even been consulted about it. I have neither given my consent to it, nor sold my copyright to the works named. The title is, at least, quite the publisher's own. But while by using my name, and thus recognising the paternity alluded to above, he denies me the imprescriptible right of naming my own child.

A single remark further. "Oneota" was published at New York, in numbers, in 1844. The printer, and eventual publisher, Mr. Benedict, asked me, the year after, I think, for a more popular selling title for the balance of the edition. I gave him "The Indian and his Wigwam," and shortly after I left the city, and have not seen him since; and do not know what sum, if any, has ever been placed to my credit from its sale. Graham has vended, I think, several editions of the work under the latter title—I suppose by an arrangement perhaps with Mr. Benedict—but by what rightful authority, however, I know not. Certainly not as possessing the shadow of a copyright. That I have never parted with to Mr. B. or to him. It is proper to say that the "ONEOTA," and "INDIAN IN HIS WIGWAM," are not, in all things, identical. Both are mine exclusively. But the matter in the latter is differently arranged, and some things are left out of the one that are contained in the other. The latter is a thinner and cheaper work, but as the text is stereotyped, the page and letter are precisely the same.

Pardon me for troubling you with this letter; but pray, if the book comes up to you for a critical notice, do not misunderstand my position. The work in its present state is surreptitious, and is an attempt by the Trade to make money out of certain parts of my writings, which have yielded me little or none. This circumstance prevented my going forward, originally, with the Miscellany, and completing the view it was designed to give of the Indian traits and character.

A work presenting such distinct traits of Indians and myself, and as a series of tableaux of Indian life and manners, fresh from the forest, where I had been an observer for years, I tried to make my publishers understand that, being a Miscellany, made up from original materials, it would be something permanently added to American literature, and ought to be pushed ahead and completed, agreeably to my original views. Other ideas prevailed, and the publication is,

therefore, fragmentary. Neither the oral tales, the personal reminiscences, the adventures in the Ozarks, nor the antiquarian, historical, or philosophical inquiries, were completed, whatever degree of interest was thrown about these subjects. The title, therefore, under which they now appear from the banks of the Niagara, is too vague—too general—too inappropriate. It does not accomplish what it purports, namely, a general view of the Indians. But were it ever so appropriate, it is not mine. I did not bestow it, and with every respect for the taste of the publishers, I do not accept it, but must needs pronounce it spurious. I have never authorized Messrs. Derby & Co. to use my name for any purpose.

The Indian must be viewed from broader grounds. His history, his statistics, his character—moral and physical, his language, his psychology, his religion and superstitions, his rise and startling mythology, his curious nomenclature, his pictography and mnemonics, and, in fine, the whole character, temper, and tone of the man, and his mental structure as one of the distinctive branches of the human race, demand a more complete presentation of materials.

The world has been too long amused and abused with fictions respecting the Indians, of every imaginable sort. Above all, the Buffalo book is a surreptitious effort to deprive the author of the just rewards of his labors. The injustice that appears on the surface of the attempt is not, however, the worst feature of it. It is known that I am engaged here, under the highest auspices, and with most ample means, in publishing a national work on the Indian Tribes of the United States, illustrated by one of the first artists of the country; and the production of this work, with such a false title, at this time, appears intended to take the public by surprise, as if it were an epitome of this work.

In concluding, allow me to add, that I am engaged in preparing and publishing* a corrected series of my Travels, Researches, and Miscellaneous Works, first and last, which will embrace such revisions as I think due.

Very truly yours,
HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

THE WILDERNESS AND ITS TENANTS.

[A SKETCH from an opening chapter of the forthcoming work by FRANCIS PARKMAN, Jr., the "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada."]

And now, before launching into the story of that sanguinary war, which forms our proper and immediate theme, it will be well to survey the grand arena of the strife, the goodly heritage which the wretched tribes of the forest struggled to retrieve from the hands of the spoiler.

One vast, continuous forest shadowed the fertile soil, covering the land as the grass covers a garden lawn, sweeping over hill and hollow in endless undulation, burying mountains in verdure, and mantling brooks and rivers from the light of day. Green intervals dotted with browsing deer, and broad plains blackened with buffalo, broke the sameness of the woodland scenery. Unnumbered rivers seamed the forest with their devious windings. Vast lakes washed its boundaries, where the Indian voyager, in his birch canoe, could deserv no land beyond

* Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

the world of waters. Yet this prolific wilderness, teeming with waste fertility, was but a hunting-ground and a battle-field to a few fierce hordes of savages. Here and there, in some rich meadow opened to the sun, the Indian squaws turned the black mould with their rude implements of bone or iron, and sowed their scanty stores of maize and beans. Human labor drew no other tribute from that inexhaustible soil.

So thin and scattered was the native population, that even in those parts which were thought well peopled, one might sometimes journey for days together through the twilight forest, and meet no human form. Broad tracts were left in solitude. All Kentucky was a vacant waste, a mere skirmishing-ground for the hostile war-parties of the north and south. A great part of Upper Canada, of Michigan, and of Illinois, besides other portions of the west, were tenanted by wild beasts alone. To form a close estimate of the numbers of the erratic bands who roamed this wilderness would be a vain attempt; but it may be affirmed that between the Mississippi on the west and the ocean on the east, between the Ohio on the south and Lake Superior on the north, the whole Indian population, at the close of the French war, did not greatly exceed ten thousand fighting men. Of these, following the statement of Sir William Johnson, in 1763, the Iroquois had nineteen hundred and fifty, the Delawares about six hundred, the Shawanoes about three hundred, the Wyandots about four hundred and fifty, and the Miami tribes, with their neighbors the Kickapoos, eight hundred; while the Ottawas, the Ojibwas, and other wandering tribes of the north, defy all efforts at enumeration.

A close survey of the condition of the tribes at this period will detect some signs of improvement, but many more of degeneracy and decay. To commence with the Iroquois, for to them with justice the priority belongs: Onondaga, the ancient capital of their confederacy, where their council-fire had burned from immemorial time, was now no longer what it had been in the days of its greatness, when Count Frontenac had mustered all Canada to assail it. The thickly-clustered dwellings, with their triple rows of palisades, had vanished. A little stream, twisting along the valley, choked up with logs and driftwood, and half hidden by woods and thickets, some forty houses of bark, scattered along its banks, amid rank grass, neglected clumps of bushes, and ragged patches of corn and peas,—such was Onondaga when Bartram saw it, and such, no doubt, it remained at the time of which I write. Conspicuous among the other structures, and distinguished only by its superior size, stood the great council-house, whose bark walls had often sheltered the congregated wisdom of the confederacy, and heard the highest efforts of forest eloquence. The other villages of the Iroquois resembled Onondaga; for though several were of larger size, yet none retained those defensive stockades which had once protected them. From their European neighbors the Iroquois had borrowed many appliances of comfort and subsistence. Horses, swine, and in some instances cattle, were to be found among them. Guns and gunpowder aided them in the chase. Knives, hatchets, kettles, and hoes of iron had supplanted their rude household utensils and implements of tillage; but with all this, English whiskey had more than cancelled every benefit which English civilization had conferred.

High up the Susquehanna were seated Nanticoes, Conoys, and Mohicans, with a portion of the Delawares. Detached bands of the western Iroquois dwelt upon the head waters of the Alleghany, mingled with their neighbors, the Delawares, who had several villages upon this stream. The great body of the latter nation, however, lived upon the Beaver Creeks and the Muskingum, in numerous scattered towns and hamlets, whose barbarous names it is useless to record. Squalid log cabins and conical wigwams of bark were clustered at random, or ranged to form rude streets and squares. Starveling horses grazed on the neighboring meadows; girls and children bathed and laughed in the adjacent river; warriors smoked their pipes in haughty indolence; squaws labored in the cornfields, or brought fagots from the forest, and shrivelled hags screamed from lodge to lodge. In each village one large building stood prominent among the rest, devoted to purposes of public meeting, dances, festivals, and the entertainment of strangers. Thither the traveller would be conducted, seated on a bear-skin, and plentifully regaled with hominy and venison.

The Shawanoes had fixed their abode upon the Scioto and its branches. Farther towards the west, on the waters of the Wabash and the Maumee, dwelt the Miamis, who, less exposed, from their position, to the poison of the whiskey keg, and the example of debauched traders, retained their ancient character and customs in greater purity than their eastern neighbors. This cannot be said of the Illinois, who dwelt near the borders of the Mississippi, and who, having lived for more than half a century in close contact with the French, had become a corrupt and degenerate race. The Wyandots of Sandusky and Detroit far surpassed the surrounding tribes in energy of character and social progress. Their log dwellings were strong and commodious, their agriculture was very considerable, their name stood high in war and policy, and by all the adjacent Indians they were regarded with deference. It is needless to pursue further this catalogue of tribes, since the position of each will appear hereafter as they advance in turn upon the stage of action.

The English settlements lay like a narrow strip between the wilderness and the sea, and, as the sea had its ports, so also the forest had its places of rendezvous and outfit. Of these, by far the most important in the northern provinces was the frontier city of Albany. From thence it was that traders and soldiers, bound to the country of the Iroquois, or the more distant wilds of the interior, set out upon their arduous journey. Embarking in a bateau or a canoe, rowed by those hardy men who earned their livelihood in this service, the traveler would ascend the Mohawk, passing the old Dutch town of Schenectady, the two seats of Sir William Johnson, Fort Hunter at the mouth of the Schoharie, and Fort Herkimer at the German Flats, until he reached Fort Stanwix at the head of the river navigation. Then crossing over land to Wood Creek, he would follow its tortuous course, overshadowed by the dense forest on its banks, until he arrived at the little fortification called the Royal Blockhouse, and the waters of the Oneida Lake spread before him. Crossing to its western extremity, and passing under the wooden ramparts of Fort Brewerton, he would descend the River Oswego to Oswego,

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In the backwoods, all land travelling was on foot or on horseback. It was no easy matter for a novice, embarrassed with his cumbersome gun, to urge his horse through the thick trunks and undergrowth, or even to ride at speed along the narrow Indian trails, where, at every yard, the impending branches switched him across the face. At night, the camp would be formed by the side of some rivulet or spring, and, if the traveller was skilful in the use of his rifle, a haunch of venison would often form his evening meal. If it rained, a shed of elm or bass wood bark was the ready work of an hour, a pile of evergreen boughs formed a bed, and the saddle or the knapsack a pillow. A party of Indian wayfarers would often be met journeying through the forest, a chief, or a warrior, perhaps, with his squaws and family. The Indians would usually make their camp in the neighborhood of the white men; and at meal time the warrior would seldom fail to seat himself by the traveller's fire, and gaze with solemn gravity at the viands before him. If, when the repast was over, a fragment of bread or a cup of coffee should be handed to him, he would receive these highly-prized rarities with a deep ejaculation of gratitude; for nothing is more remarkable in the character of this people than the union of inordinate pride and a generous love of glory with the mendicity of a beggar or a child.

He who wished to visit the remoter tribes of the Mississippi valley—an attempt, how-

THE KANGAROO.
From the German of Apollonius von Maltitz.

WHEN God created the Kangaroo
(A creature no poet hath sung once),
He gave him a pouch and added thereto :
"The bag is for thy young ones."
But scarce had the animal gone three paces,
When, shrugging his shoulders and making up
faces,
He said : (these beasts cut the strangest capers!)
"The wallet is just the thing for my papers."
Forthwith all domestic bliss he renounces,
And into politics he pounces,
No manuscript so stale and musty,
But into his wallet straightway thrust he,
Wherever men gathered rebellion to brew,
You were sure to find the Kangaroo,
He carried with him where'er he might go,
A Radical-portfolio,
And all might see who were not half-witted,
That the creature must soon be compromised.

The warning proved no empty bubble,
The Kangaroo soon fell into trouble,
The Kangaroo fell under suspicion,
Was taken up on charge of sedition,
His pile of papers did so impede him,
They ordered two stout men to lead him,
The bag was sealed in a mighty flurry,
The trial they did not exactly hurry.—
He sits in jail now and pines away,
In fear of being hung once,
Friends, let your papers alone, I pray
And think about your young ones.

C. T. B.

I AND THOU.

From the German of Geibel.

I AM the storm that Northward loves to flee,
Thou art the moonlight on the tranquil sea—
How can such I with such a Thou agree !

Thou art the beam that lights the lily's eyes,
I the wild hail that from the black cloud flies—
Oh, endless chasm that between us lies !

I, wild, inconstant, earth's dark guest, and
Thou
With almost angel-clearness on thy brow—
Come, Love, and show thyself almighty now !

C. T. B.

HOW SHALL I COUNT ?

How shall I count, O miser Time,
Life's swiftly ebbing sands ?
Shall I unite the dark and bright,
In pure and loving bands—
Shall I unite the dark and bright,
The sad and joyous hours,
And own life's but a mixed wreath
Of fresh and faded flowers ?

Ah, no ! I'll count, O miser Time,
None but the joyous hours ;
I'll only mark the golden sands,
And pluck the blooming flowers ;
And these, alone, upon my lips
And in my heart beneath,
Shall be the record of my life,
A bright, unfading wreath !

C. D. STUART.

MR. SCHOOLCRAFT'S INDIAN RESEARCHES.
Washington, Aug. 9, 1851.

Messrs. Editors.—The poorest man in the community has the privilege of naming his own children, though a doubt may even exist as to the paternity, the law being, in this case, very kindly on the side of the presumptive. The same privilege should, I think, hold good with respect to an author and his books.

I have this day received from Mr. Putnam a copy of a volume just published in N. Y., entitled, "The American Indians, their His-

tory, Condition, and Prospects," with the imprimatur of G. H. Derby & Co., Buffalo. One vol. 8vo. 495 pp., with woodcuts. My name is kindly put on the title-page, and it is even said to be a "new revised edition." A revised edition of what ? Not certainly of any work I have ever written under that particular title. It appears to be made up chiefly of my miscellany entitled, "Oneota," and "the Indian and his Wigwam." The extracts from these comprise 416 pages. An appendix of personal narratives, from several sources, is added, making 79 pages. The woodcuts, &c., except three, appear to be from original designs. The whole is copyrighted, "according to Act of Congress," in 1851, in the northern district of New York.

A man ought not, I suppose, nowadays, to complain, if the booksellers do not swallow him whole, head first, as the anaconda does a stag. But, seriously, I beg in this instance to say, that the enterprise of the worthy house at the West is by far more conspicuous than any other visible trait which I perceive about it. So far from revising the work, I have not even been consulted about it. I have neither given my consent to it, nor sold my copyright to the works named. The title is, at least, quite the publisher's own. But while by using my name, and thus recognizing the paternity alluded to above, he denies me the imprescriptible right of naming my own child.

A single remark further. "Oneota" was published at New York, in numbers, in 1844. The printer, and eventual publisher, Mr. Benedict, asked me, the year after, I think, for a more popular selling title for the balance of the edition. I gave him "The Indian and his Wigwam," and shortly after I left the city, and have not seen him since; and do not know what sum, if any, has ever been placed to my credit from its sale. Graham has vended, I think, several editions of the work under the latter title—I suppose by an arrangement perhaps with Mr. Benedict—but by what rightful authority, however, I know not. Certainly not as possessing the shadow of a copyright. That I have never parted with to Mr. B. or to him. It is proper to say that the "ONEOTA," and "INDIAN IN HIS WIGWAM," are not, in all things, identical. Both are mine exclusively. But the matter in the latter is differently arranged, and some things are left out of the one that are contained in the other. The latter is a thinner and cheaper work, but as the text is stereotyped, the page and letter are precisely the same.

Pardon me for troubling you with this letter; but pray, if the book comes up to you for a critical notice, do not misunderstand my position. The work in its present state is surreptitious, and is an attempt by the Trade to make money out of certain parts of my writings, which have yielded me little or none. This circumstance prevented my going forward, originally, with the Miscellany, and completing the view it was designed to give of the Indian traits and character.

A work presenting such distinct traits of Indians and myself, and as a series of tableaux of Indian life and manners, fresh from the forest, where I had been an observer for years, I tried to make my publishers understand that, being a Miscellany, made up from original materials, it would be something permanently added to American literature, and ought to be pushed ahead and completed, agreeably to my original views. Other ideas prevailed, and the publication is,

therefore, fragmentary. Neither the oral tales, the personal reminiscences, the adventures in the Ozarks, nor the antiquarian, historical, or philosophical inquiries, were completed, whatever degree of interest was thrown about these subjects. The title, therefore, under which they now appear from the banks of the Niagara, is too vague—too general—too inappropriate. It does not accomplish what it purports, namely, a general view of the Indians. But were it ever so appropriate, it is not mine. I did not bestow it, and with every respect for the taste of the publishers, I do not accept it, but must needs pronounce it spurious. I have never authorized Messrs. Derby & Co. to use my name for any purpose.

The Indian must be viewed from broader grounds. His history, his statistics, his character—moral and physical, his language, his psychology, his religion and superstitions, his rite and startling mythology, his curious nomenclature, his pictography and mnemonics, and, in fine, the whole character, temper, and tone of the man, and his mental structure as one of the distinctive branches of the human race, demand a more complete presentation of materials.

The world has been too long amused and abused with fictions respecting the Indians, of every imaginable sort. Above all, the Buffalo book is a surreptitious effort to deprive the author of the just rewards of his labors. The injustice that appears on the surface of the attempt is not, however, the worst feature of it. It is known that I am engaged here, under the highest auspices, and with most ample means, in publishing a national work on the Indian Tribes of the United States, illustrated by one of the first artists of the country; and the production of this work, with such a false title, at this time, appears intended to take the public by surprise, as if it were an epitome of this work.

In concluding, allow me to add, that I am engaged in preparing and publishing* a corrected series of my Travels, Researches, and Miscellaneous Works, first and last, which will embrace such revisions as I think due.

Very truly yours,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

THE WILDERNESS AND ITS TENANTS.
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A close survey of the condition of the tribes at this period will detect some signs of improvement, but many more of degeneracy and decay. To commence with the Iroquois, for to them with justice the priority belongs: Onondaga, the ancient capital of their confederacy, where their council-fire had burned from immemorial time, was now no longer what it had been in the days of its greatness, when Count Frontenac had mustered all Canada to assail it. The thickly-clustered dwellings, with their triple rows of palisades, had vanished. A little stream, twisting along the valley, choked up with logs and driftwood, and half hidden by woods and thickets, some forty houses of bark, scattered along its banks, amid rank grass, neglected clumps of bushes, and ragged patches of corn and peas,—such was Onondaga when Bartram saw it, and such, no doubt, it remained at the time of which I write. Conspicuous among the other structures, and distinguished only by its superior size, stood the great council-house, whose bark walls had often sheltered the congregated wisdom of the confederacy, and heard the highest efforts of forest eloquence. The other villages of the Iroquois resembled Onondaga; for though several were of larger size, yet none retained those defensive stockades which had once protected them. From their European neighbors the Iroquois had borrowed many appliances of comfort and subsistence. Horses, swine, and in some instances cattle, were to be found among them. Guns and gunpowder aided them in the chase. Knives, hatchets, kettles, and hoes of iron had supplanted their rude household utensils and implements of tillage; but with all this, English whiskey had more than cancelled every benefit which English civilization had conferred.

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In the backwoods, all land travelling was on foot or on horseback. It was no easy matter for a novice, embarrassed with his cumbersome gun, to urge his horse through the thick trunks and undergrowth, or even to ride at speed along the narrow Indian trails, where, at every yard, the impending branches switched him across the face. At night, the camp would be formed by the side of some rivulet or spring, and, if the traveller was skilful in the use of his rifle, a haunch of venison would often form his evening meal. If it rained, a shed of elm or bass wood bark was the ready work of an hour, a pile of evergreen boughs formed a bed, and the saddle or the knapsack a pillow. A party of Indian wayfarers would often be met journeying through the forest, a chief, or a warrior, perhaps, with his squaws and family. The Indians would usually make their camp in the neighborhood of the white men; and at meal time the warrior would seldom fail to seat himself by the traveller's fire, and gaze with solemn gravity at the viands before him. If, when the repast was over, a fragment of bread or a cup of coffee should be handed to him, he would receive these highly-prized rarities with a deep ejaculation of gratitude; for nothing is more remarkable in the character of this people than the union of inordinate pride and a generous love of glory with the mendicity of a beggar or a child.

He who wished to visit the remoter tribes of the Mississippi valley—an attempt, how-

ever, which, until several years after the conquest of Canada, no Englishman could have made without great risk of losing his scalp—would find no easier course than to descend the Ohio in a canoe or bateau. He might float for more than eleven hundred miles down this liquid highway of the wilderness, and except the deserted cabins of Logstown, a little below Fort Pitt, the remnant of a Shawanoe village at the mouth of the Scioto, and an occasional hamlet or solitary wigwam along the luxuriant banks, he would discern no trace of human habitation through all this vast extent. The body of the Indian population lay to the northward, about the waters of the tributary streams. It behoved the voyager to observe a sleepless caution and hawk-eyed vigilance. Sometimes his anxious scrutiny would detect a faint blue smoke stealing upwards above the green bosom of the forest, and betraying the encamping place of some lurking war-party. Then the canoe would be drawn in haste beneath the overhanging bushes which skirted the shore; nor would the voyage be resumed until darkness closed, when the little vessel would drift swiftly and safely past the point of danger.

Within the nominal limits of the Illinois Indians, and towards the southern extremity of the present State of Illinois, were those isolated Canadian settlements, which had subsisted here since the latter part of the previous century. Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes were the centres of this scattered population. From Vincennes one might paddle his canoe northwards up the Wabash, until he reached the little wooden fort of Ouatanon. Thence a path through the woods led to the banks of the Maumee. Two or three Canadians, or half breeds, of whom there were numbers about the fort, would carry the canoe on their shoulders, or, for a bottle of whiskey, a few Miami Indians might be bribed to undertake the task. On the Maumee, at the end of the path, stood Fort Miami, near the spot where Fort Wayne was afterwards built. From this point one might descend the Maumee to Lake Erie, and visit the neighboring fort of Sandusky, or, if he chose, steer through the Strait of Detroit, and explore the watery wastes of the northern lakes, finding occasional harborage at the little military posts which commanded their important points. Most of these western posts were transferred to the English, during the autumn of 1760; but the settlements of the Illinois remained several years longer under French control.

Eastward, on the waters of Lake Erie and the Alleghany, stood three small forts, Presqu'Isle, Le Beuf, and Venango; which had passed into the hands of the English soon after the capture of Fort du Quesne. The feeble garrisons of all these western posts, exiled from civilization, lived in the solitude of military hermits. Through the long, hot days of summer, and the protracted cold of winter, time hung heavy on their hands. Their resources of employment and recreation were few and meagre. They found partners in their loneliness among the young beauties of the Indian campa. They hunted and fished, shot at targets, and played at games of chance; and when, by good fortune, a traveller found his way among them, he was greeted with a hearty and open-handed welcome, and plied with eager questions touching the great world from which they were banished men. Yet, tedious as it was, their secluded life

was seasoned with stirring danger. The surrounding forests were peopled with a race dark and subtle as their own sunless mazes. At any hour, those jealous tribes might raise the war-cry. No human foresight could predict the sallies of their fierce caprice, and in ceaseless watching lay the only safety.

When the European and the savage are brought in contact, both are gainers, and both are losers. The former loses the refinements of civilization, but he gains, in the rough schooling of the wilderness, a proud independence, a self-sustaining energy, and powers of action and perception before unthought of. The savage gains new means of comfort and support, cloth, iron, and gunpowder; yet these apparent benefits have often proved but instruments of ruin. They soon become necessities, and the unhappy hunter, forgetting the weapons of his fathers, must thenceforth depend on the white man for ease, happiness, and life itself.

Those rude and hardy men, hunters and traders, scouts and guides, who ranged the woods beyond the English borders, and formed a connecting link between barbarism and civilization, have been touched upon already. They were a distinct, peculiar class, marked with striking contrasts of good and evil. Many, though by no means all, were coarse, audacious, and unscrupulous; yet, even in the worst, one might often have found a vigorous growth of warlike virtues, an iron endurance, an undespering courage, a wondrous sagacity, and singular fertility of resource. In them was renewed, with all its ancient energy, that wild and daring spirit, that force and robustness of mind which marked our barbarous ancestors of Germany and Norway. These sons of the wilderness still survive. We may find them to this day, not in the valley of the Ohio, nor on the shores of the lakes, but far westward on the desert range of the buffalo, and among the solitudes of Oregon. Even now, while I write, some lonely trapper is climbing the perilous defiles of the Rocky Mountains, his strong frame eased in time-worn buck-skin, his rifle gripped in his sinewy hand. Keenly he peers from side to side, lest Blackfoot or Arapahoe should ambuscade his path. The rough earth is his bed, a morsel of dried meat and a draught of water are his food and drink, and death and danger his companions. No anchorite could fare worse, no hero could dare more; yet his wild, hard life has irresistible charms; and, while he can wield a rifle, he will never leave it. Go with him to the rendezvous, and he is a stoic no more. Here, rioting among his comrades, his native appetites break loose in mad excess, in deep carouse, and desperate gaming. Then follow close the quarrel, the challenge, the fight,—two rusty rifles and fifty yards of prairie.

The nursling of civilization, placed in the midst of the forest, and abandoned to his own resources, is helpless as an infant. There is no clew to the labyrinth. Bewildered and amazed, he circles round and round in hopeless wanderings. Despair and famine make him their prey, and unless the birds of heaven minister to his wants, he dies in misery. Not so the practised woodsman. To him, the forest is a home. It yields him food, shelter, and raiment, and he threads its trackless depths with undeviating foot. To lure the game, to circumvent the lurking foe, to guide his course by the stars, the wind, the streams, or the trees,—such

are the arts which the white man has learned from the red. Often, indeed, the pupil has outstripped his master. He can hunt as well; he can fight better; and yet there are niceties of the woodsman's craft in which the white man must yield the palm to his savage rival. Seldom can he boast, in equal measure, that subtlety of sense, more akin to the instinct of brutes than to human reason, which reads the signs of the forest as the scholar reads the printed page, to which the whistle of a bird can speak clearly as the tongue of man, and the rustle of a leaf give knowledge of life or death. With us the name of the savage is a byword of reproach. The Indian would look with equal scorn on those who, buried in useless lore, are blind and deaf to the great world of nature.

ETHNOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN SAINT DOMINGO.

[A Communication to the British Association for Science—from the *London Athenaeum*, July 5.]

"ETHNOLOGICAL Researches in Santo Domingo," by Sir R. SCHOMBURG. Communicated by H.R.H. Prince Albert. The following are extracts from the letter of the 15th of March, 1851, addressed by Sir R. Schomburg to Prince Albert.—It is a melancholy fact that of the millions of natives who at the discovery peopled the island of Santo Domingo not a single pure descendant now exists; but a careful observer of the mixed races that in a great measure form the population of the Dominican republic will occasionally trace among them the characteristic features of the aborigines. Some stocks of the human race retain their characteristics much more tenaciously than others; the peculiarities of one being lost in a few generations, and those of another being transmitted through several. I have never seen that tenacity more displayed than among the mixed race who to this day are called "Indios" in Santo Domingo, and in whom the peculiarities of the pure Indian have preserved themselves for more than two centuries. This observation refers chiefly to the female sex of the so-called "Indios." Their symmetrical forms, the pure olive complexion and soft skin, their large black eyes, and the most luxuriant hair of an ebony color, attest at once their descent from the Indian stock. We are told by the historians that the last remnant of the Indians, amounting to from three to four hundred, retired under Enrique, the last of the Caciques of St. Domingo, to Boya, a village about thirty miles to the north-northeast of the city. Enrique had been converted to the Christian religion, and the Emperor Charles the Fifth insured to this remnant of the aborigines civil rights and conferred upon him the title of Don. This miserable fragment of a once powerful nation soon vanished from the earth, borne down by their misfortunes and the diseases introduced by the Spaniards. The extirpation of the pure Indian race prevented me from making comparative inquiries between the still existing tribes of Guiana and those that once inhabited St. Domingo. My researches were therefore restricted to what history and the few and poor monuments have transmitted to us of their customs and manners. Their language lives only in the names of places, rivers, trees, and fruits, but all combine in declaring that the people who bestowed these names were identical with the Carib and Arawaak tribes of Guiana.

An excursion to the calcareous caverns of Pommier, about ten leagues to the west of the city of Santo Domingo, afforded me the examination of some picture-writings executed by the Indians after the arrival of the Spaniards. These remarkable caves, which are already in themselves of high interest, are situated within the district over which, at the landing of the Spaniards, the fair Indian Catalina reigned as Cacique. Oviedo relates that she knew how to captivate the Aragonian, Miguel Diaz. In consequence of a brawl with one of his companions, whom he supposed that he had mortally wounded, Diaz fled from Isabella and found an asylum at Catalina's village. Fearful of losing her lover, who after a few months seemed to long to return to his companions and his accustomed occupations, Catalina employed the most powerful means she could have resorted to in order to induce the Spaniards to settle within her own territory, concluding naturally that this would insure the continued presence of Diaz. She related, therefore, that the adjacent mountains possessed rich mines, and drew his attention to the superior fertility of the soil, which so much surpassed that upon which Columbus had founded Isabella; moreover that the River Ozama afforded at its entrance a secure and fine harbor. Diaz returned with this information to Isabella, where he found to his joy the man recovered from his wounds whom he thought he had killed, and the report of the rich mines produced him an easy pardon. The Adelantado, Bartholomew, who governed in the absence of his brother, visited the district himself, and erected, in 1496, a fortified tower in the neighborhood of the mines, which he called San Cristobal; but the workmen who built it, finding the precious metal even in the stones they used for its construction, named it the "Golden Tower." The mines were soon exhausted, and the country assumed again the aspect of exuberant nature. When, therefore, the covetousness and cupidity of the Spaniards sacrificed the lives of millions of Indians to their idol, Gold, the caverns which previously had only been used for their worship became now a retreat from the Spanish crossbows, and the frightful bloodhound sent in pursuit of the poor Indian. ** I was greatly interested in a number of symbolic pictures which the Indians had traced with charcoal on the white and smooth walls of one of the smaller caves, which bears at present the name of the "painted chamber." Peter Martyr of Angleria, the contemporary of Columbus, and one of the earliest historians of his discoveries, relates, in his first Decade of the Ocean, that the aborigines of Santo Domingo held caves in great veneration, for out of them, they say, came the sun and moon to give light to the world,—and mankind likewise issued from two caves of unequal height according to the size of their statures. In the general uncertainty which prevails with regard to these monuments of by-gone races, it was particularly gratifying to find these sculptures which afforded a clue to the period when they were executed. ** Near the entrance of a second cave, close to the former, I observed some carvings in the rock. The character of these figures, and their being cut in the hard substance of stone, prove an origin of a more remote date than those in the other cave. ** Baron Humboldt observes, when alluding to the carvings he met on the banks of the Orinoco,

that "it must not be forgotten that nations of very different descent when in a similar uncivilized state, having the same disposition to simplify and generalize outlines, and being impelled by inherent mental dispositions to form rhythmical repetitions and series, may be led to produce similar signs and symbols." Baron Humboldt had only opportunity to view the carved figures on the banks of the Orinoco, but the examination of a great number of these symbols shows to me that there is a great difference in their character and execution; nor is it my opinion that the idols worked in stone and the carvings on the rocks were executed by the races that inhabited South America and the West Indies at the time of their discovery. They belong to a remoter period, and prove much more skill and patience than the simple figures painted with charcoal on the walls of the cave near Pommier. The figures carved of stone and worked without iron tools denote, if not civilization, a quick conception, and an inexhaustible patience to give to these hard substances the desired forms. ** With respect to the age or epoch when the figures sculptured of stone were executed there is no tradition. It is remarkable that they are only found where we have sure evidence that the Caribs inhabited or visited the place. I have no reason to believe that they were made by the Caribs, which opinion I am the more inclined to adopt on comparing them with the tools and utensils executed by the still existing tribes I met in Guiana. There are, however, various proofs that the Caribs inhabited Santo Domingo; among others, I found at the eastern point of the island, called Junta Engaño, numerous heaps of Conch shells (*Strombus gigas*). These shells have invariably a hole near the spire, which has been made for the purpose of detaching the animal from the shell, and to extract it with ease. I met a large number of similar piles at the island of Anegada, which the historians of the Antilles ascribe to the Caribs; who, on their descent from the Lucuyas to wage war upon the natives of Puerto Rico, touched firstly at Anegada in order to provision themselves with conches for their expedition. A far more interesting discovery than these heaps of conch shells, during my travels in Santo Domingo is, however, a granitic ring in the neighborhood of San Juan de Maguana, which seems to have entirely escaped the attention of previous historians and travelers. Maguana formed one of the five kingdoms into which Santo Domingo, on the arrival of the Spaniards, was divided. It was governed by the Carib Cacique Caonabo (which name signifies rain), the most fierce and powerful of the chieftains, and the irreconcilable enemy of the Europeans. His favorite wife was the unfortunate Anacaona, famed in the island for her beauty, her wisdom, and, as recorded by all the early historians, for her kindness towards the white men. Nevertheless, Ovando, when governor of Santo Domingo, accused her of conspiracy, and carried her in chains to the city and ignominiously hanged her in the presence of the people whom she had so long and so signally befriended. The granitic ring is now known in the neighborhood under the name of "el Cercado de los Indios," and lies on a savannah surrounded with groves of wood, and bounded by the river Maguana. The circle consists mostly of granitic rocks, which prove by their smoothness that they have been on the banks of a river, probably

at the Maguana, although its distance is considerable. The rocks are mostly each from thirty to fifty pounds in weight, and have been placed closely together, giving the ring the appearance of a paved road, 21 feet in breadth, and as far as the trees and bushes which had grown up from between the rocks permitted one to ascertain, 2,270 feet in circumference. A large granitic rock, 5 feet 7 inches in length, ending in obtuse points, lies nearly in the middle of the circle partly imbedded in the ground. I do not think that its present situation is the one it originally occupied; the rock stood probably in the centre. It has been smoothed and fashioned by human hands; and although the surface has suffered from atmospheric influence, there is evidence that it was to represent a human figure:—the cavities of the eyes and mouth are still visible. This rock has in every respect the appearance of the figure represented by Pére Charlevoix in his "Histoire de l'Île Espagnole ou de Saint Domingo" which he designated as a "Figure trouvée dans une Sépulture Indienne." A pathway of the same breadth as the ring extends from it firstly due west, and turns afterwards at a right angle to the north, ending at a small brook. The pathway is almost for its whole extent overgrown with thick forest; I could not, therefore, ascertain the exact length. No doubt can exist that this circle surrounded the Indian idol, and that within it thousands of the natives adored the deity in the unshapen form of the granite rock. But another question remains to be solved—namely, were the inhabitants whom the Spaniards met in the island the constructors of this ring? Were they the adorers of this deity? I think not. ** Among the antiquities recently discovered near San Diego, within a day's march of the Pacific Ocean, at the head of the Gulf of California, were likewise granitic rings or circular walls round venerable trees, columns, and blocks of hieroglyphics. If my opinion could possess any value, I should pronounce the granitic ring near San Juan, the figures which I have seen cut into rocks in the interior of Guiana, and the sculptured figures, to belong to a race far superior in intellect to the one Columbus met in Hispaniola, who came from the northern parts of Mexico, adjacent to the ancient country or district of Huastecas, and that this race was conquered and extirpated by the nations that inhabited the countries when the Europeans landed. ** I venture to hope that the account of my discoveries of a few monuments that have descended to us of a by-gone race may not be entirely unacceptable. I intend to commence my journey to the northern provinces, for the execution of which I have already received the permission of Lord Palmerston; in a few days I promise myself a rich harvest among the ruins of the first settlements and fortifications which the Europeans erected in the New World.

THE DRAMA.

THERE are two paths by which we may approach the consideration of a play: one the old road, travelled by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, and Webster, with massive vehicles, stoutly built, well-passengered, firm in the axle, and indicating as they move along, power, a journey to some purpose, and directors with a heart in the pursuit they are engaged in. The other is a modern high-way, crowded and jostling with car-

riages, generally light of structure and of every conceivable fashion in the build: sulkiés, gigs, barouches, tandems, four in hands—with occupants of a not very thoughtful turn of countenance, and hurrying along a good deal at random, without any very clearly-defined notion whither they are going, except that they are in motion and “travelling.”

There is scarcely a play of the present day upon the stage, which, as compared with those more solid early dramas, is much more than a child’s play: without substance in the plot, inadequate in motive, unsubstantial in character. Whatever happens might as well not happen, or might just as properly happen in some other way. We are called on to allow the greatest absurdities to be possible and after they are allowed we are not much better off: for nothing comes of it all. A single word—as we have before suggested—which any man or woman of common sense could not fail to utter,—the momentary use of the eye,—to see what cannot well help being seen—would instantly disenchant the whole illusion and put an end to the performance.

It would be manifestly unjust to fix upon any single modern writer and make him answerable for this characteristic of the drama of the age: and we certainly should not—if it were amenable—take occasion of the first appearance of our fair countrywoman, Mrs. Mowatt, to employ this rigor of judgment. On the other hand, admitting that in many respects her play of “Armand; or, the Peer and the Peasant”—in which she presented herself, at Niblo’s on Tuesday evening of last week, after a professional absence of several years—belongs to the modern school, we cannot see but that it is entitled to high rank among contemporary productions. It is neatly arranged as to scene and plot, is eloquent and oftentimes impassioned and glowing in style, and secures the attention throughout. The two characters of the piece (all the rest a good deal more neglected by the management in the east, than by the author in the composition) are the lovers, Blanche and Armand, whose relations to each other show in the author a knowledge of the true ardor of the affections. As Blanche, Mrs. Mowatt, justified her absence by an improved rendering, as far as all stage qualities are concerned; in a firmer grasp of the character: and altogether in an increased depth and energy of personation. The sphere in which the lovely heroine is placed, is one evidently congenial to the performer, where she is at home—as in the land of the beautiful—and from which her interest always seems reluctantly withdrawn to what is technically termed “the business of the stage.” She never for a moment transcends the delicate conception: but in manner, voice, and feature, preserves throughout the simplicity and pastoral charm of the young village maiden. Her elocution, of greater strength than when she first appeared upon the stage, is eminently musical. In the changing cadences of emotion, Mrs. Mowatt may safely challenge comparison with any performer at present before our public. In attitude she is gracefully statuesque, and classical without severity. Armand, by Mr. Dyott, was rendered with fidelity, and with that diligence of action and emphasis of speech which have always made that gentleman a favorite with the audiences before which he has appeared. A single point we venture to suggest to him for cor-

rection—Whether it is consistent with a delicate remembrance of his mistress, to take his seat upon the couch from which her remains have been just removed? The agreeable person and costume of Mrs. John Sefton did all for the page of which it admitted. Another point: Were young Irish women employed as ladies’ maids in France in the time of Louis XIV.? The other performers strove to accomplish what was set down for them; but they were never, in our poor judgment, born to thrones and dukedoms.

VARIETIES.

ANCIENT ORANGE TREES IN PARIS.—Workmen, says Galignani, are employed at present in repairing the cases containing the orange trees of the Tuilleries garden. These trees are of great age, some going back as far as 700 years, and the youngest 300. Every twenty years the earth in each case is changed, and during the three following years they appear sickly. They then acquire fresh strength, and throw out an immense quantity of blossoms. It is this periodical change of nourishment which has led to their longevity.

A favourite pastime among the western tribes of Indians consists in enclosing a small stone between the hands, and parting them suddenly, when the object is to determine in which palm the stone remains: such is the infatuation of some players, that they will stake successively horse, arms, clothing, and, in fact, every article of property they possess, upon the result of the game: though it must not be supposed that it is often resorted to in matters of life and death, or substituted for a trial by battle.

PUBLISHERS’ CIRCULAR.

An illustrated edition of Mr. Mathew’s Chanticleer, by Darley, Richards, Walcutt, and others, will be among the most inviting of the gift-books of the coming season. The London *Athenaeum*, a fastidious judge of American literature on the score of originality, says handsomely of this work in a late number:—“So repeatedly have we pointed out that which we consider excellent, because characteristic, in American fiction, that we are spared from stating on this occasion why we recommend *Chanticleer*; a Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family, by Cornelius Mathews, as a quaint and racy picture of life and manners. The book is not ephemeral; being now, we perceive, accepted among the sterling light literature of ‘the States,’ already so liberally enriched by Miss Sedgwick, Mr. Hawthorne, Mrs. Kirkland, and other minor stars.”

Mr. Greeley’s Letters from Europe are to be immediately issued from the press in book form, by Messrs. DEWITT & DAVENPORT.

The first part of the catalogue of the 54th New York Trade Sale of Books, &c., by Bangs, Brother & Co., is now being delivered to the trade, in a goodly sized 8vo, volume of 624 pages. This first part contains 265 invoices, from nearly as many publishers and stationers, and embraces every description of book, from the valuable encyclopædia, standard library, or current *Belle Lettre* book, down to a primer. The best English and French letter and note paper, fancy articles, ledgers, pens and stereotype plates also display themselves in immense quantities. One going to this sale, may, in a short time, be enabled to fill up libraries, counting-houses, stationery stores, country stores, and, in short, make himself, if he chooses, a sort of ready made Baron Cotter or De la Rue. All accounts agree that this season’s will be the most extensive and valuable sale ever made in the United States.

Messrs. TICKNOR & CO. announce a third volume of Mr. Hawthorne’s *Twice Told Tales*,

which, from the completeness that characterizes even the occasional productions of this writer, will be a book of sterling value. There are many *Scarlet Letters* and *Seven Gable* volumes condensed in Mr. H.’s minor tales.

Messrs. Vizetelly & Co., the London publishers of Lamartine’s copyright translation into English of his History of the Revolution, also announced several new works in the same series: the *Secret Societies of Europe*; *My Life’s Confessions*, by Madame George Sand; *The Directory*, by Garnier de Cassac.

A new edition of the London Catalogue of Books, with their sizes, prices, and publishers’ names, containing all those published in Great Britain from 1814 to 1851, was to be issued about the 5th of August, by Mr. Thomas Hodgson, the editor and publisher of it. This catalogue is well known to be an inseparable companion and guide to the buyer of English books, whether bookseller or bookreader, and its production shows a moment of patience. Several improvements will be found in this edition. 1. The new books of 1851 are added up to the time of the sheets going to press. 2. The titles are more intelligible, and the authors’ names more correctly defined and arranged. 3. Serial works, such as Lardner’s *Cyclopedias*, &c., although still under these heads, are also under the alphabet, according to author’s name, &c. 4. Dates of Voyages, Travels, Law Reports are given, &c. 5. It contains nearly one fourth more matter.

Mr. Hodgson recommends those who purchase this edition to preserve it, as it will not be reprinted, and subsequent editions will not embrace the same period of time. A Classified Index to this work to 1850, is prepared and published separately.

“The Gems of Raphael,” a series of twelve of his most important works, of the first style of steel line engravings, is now publishing in London by Messrs. Hering & Remington. The size is about 12 by 8 inches. Price of prints \$1 75; proof, \$2 50 each. The subjects comprised are—*La Mariage de la Vierge* (Milan); *La Belle Jardinière* (Paris); *La Madona Della Sedia* (Florence); *La Vierge au Voile* (Paris); *La Vierge au Donataire* (Rome); *La Vierge d’Abbé* (St. Petersburg); *La Vierge au Poisson* (Madrid); *La Vierge aux Candélabres* (London); *La Sainte Famille* (Paris); *La Madonna Di San Sisto* (Dresden); *La Sainte Cécile* (Bologna); *La Sainte Marguerite* (Paris). Subscribers to the whole receive gratis—1. A Portfolio; 2. Explanatory notes on each plate; 3. An Essay on the life and works of Raphael; and 4. A fine portrait of Raphael.

A new pamphlet on Art by Mr. Ruskin, author of “Modern Painters,” entitled Pre-Raphaelitism, is announced as just ready.

Washington Irving’s Sketch-Book, Boccaccio’s Decameron, and Thiers’s French Revolution, with illustrations, have been added to that beautiful series known as Daly’s Illustrated Classics.

Mr. Colburn announces as just ready William Withers, a new work of fiction, by Miss Jewsbury.

James Silk Buckingham has published a new work on Temperance and Peace, on one of his universal distribution plans; ten for 20 shillings.”

The titles of the recent English issues seem to savor of the “what is it?” style. Knight advertises “The Traveller’s Joy”; another, “Stepping Stones to the French Language”; another, a copious supply of “Scalp Hunters” at his Library; another, “Shall we Spend £100,000?” another, “On the Construction of Sheepfolds” (religious); another, “A Lashing for the Lashers”; another, “The Botanical Looker-out”; another, “The Morning Land”; another, “The Folded Lamb”; another, “Mrs. Toogood’s History of Greece”; another, “Personality of the Tempter”; another, “What I

Saw, by Mr. Comic Eye;" and last, but not least, "Will you give up your Lantern; a practical Question for Cottagers"!!

New and improved editions of "Blaine's Encyclopaedia of Rural Sports," and Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art, are in the press by Longmans & Co. Among the valuable books preparing for their shilling volume series, "Laing's Norway," "Eothen," selections from the works of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Sir James Mackintosh.

The Encyclopaedia Metropolitana, as re-issued in small 8vo. volumes by Griffin & Co., has reached the 16th volume. Photography by Hunt is the subject. Volumes 17, 18, and 19 are announced to be ready the end of August.

No. 1 of a new series of the Journal of Sacred Literature, by the Rev. Dr. Kitto, will be published on the 1st of October. It is proposed to make the contents more popular, without impairing its character for scholarship.

A subscription list has been opened for a testimonial in money to Mr. Jerdan, as an acknowledgment of his instructive and useful literary labors during the long period he was editor of the London Literary Gazette—from 1817 to 1850. Very nearly £600 was subscribed at once. Among the names of the subscribers we notice George Cruikshank, D. Roberts, Lord Lindsay, George Grote, Capt. Mangles, Procter, Cunningham, Milnes, Halliwell, Thackeray, Longmans, and Robert Chambers.

We learn from the London Athenaeum that at a sale of autographs, the Seventeenth century MS. of Shakespeare's play of "King Henry the Fourth," two parts condensed into one, presumed to be in the handwriting of Sir Edward Deering, of Surrenden, who died in 1644, and supposed to have been transcribed from some other MS. for the purposes of private representation (as no printed copy is known to contain the various corrections and alterations therein), sold for £38. This curious rather than important manuscript was discovered, in 1844, among the charters and papers of the present baronet at Surrenden, and has been printed for the Shakespeare Society.—The original MS. of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" sold for £16.—The MS. of Southey's "Madoc," in the Laureate's beautiful handwriting, brought £10 5s.—What will country collectors say to an exquisite letter of Jeremy Taylor to Sir William Dugdale selling for 16s.—a presentation copy from Boswell to Dr. Johnson of the Poems of Collins and Hammond, with Boswell's autograph inscription and the Doctor's notes in red ink for his "Life of Hammond," going for 13s.—and many original pages of Pope's Preface to his Poems, with as many corrections as in his "Homer" in the Museum, bringing only £1 1s.! Yet such things were,—and all on account of the Crystal Palace! Collectors have been seated in the Austria or France department of the Great Exhibition—not at Sotheby & Wilkinson's, and bargains were obtained by those present. The week before the Exhibition opened, Messrs. Sotheby were selling letters of Edmund Kean's at two, three, and even four guineas a-piece, and two letters from Mrs. Kean to her husband, one for £6 10s., and the other for £10.

At Mr. Jolley's sale of books at Sotheby & Wilkinson's, Fielding's assignment of "Joseph Andrews," wholly in the handwriting of the great novelist, sold for 10s.; and the same great novelist's assignment of "Tom Jones" for only £1 2s. For "Tom Jones" Fielding received £600—or £100 a volume—and what is more, received the money before a line was written, though the name, "The History of a Foundling," had been determined on. Andrew Millar, who paid the £600, was indeed, as Johnson called him, "the Mæcenas of literature."—A little rivalry carried Thomson's assignment of his "Seasons," &c., to £5 12s. 6d., and might have carried it further but for a friendly withdrawal from further competition.

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